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SPRING DAYS.

INVOCATION.

Come, crocus cup, the cup where early bees
Sip the first nectar of the liberal year,
Come and illume our green, as similes
Light up the poet's song. And O ye dear
New violets come near, come breathing near!
You too, fair primroses, in darksome woods
Shine forth, like heaven's constellations clear;
And come ye daisies, throng in multitudes,
And whiten hill and meadow with your saintly hoods.

SONG OF THE GRASS.

Peep! peep! peep! peep!
Now I break my winter's sleep;
Now in silence win my way
Upward to the light of day.
Through the dead yet fragrant mass
Of the last year's tangled grass,
Up by every random stone,
Up by every tree o'erblown,
By the brushy fence's side,
Where young violets lurk and hide,
I am coming everywhere,
O'er the earth all brown and bare.

Greet me gladly, gratefully;
Summer's faithful herald I,
Kindly to my tender spears
Bend, and lend attentive ears,
While I whisper sweet of flowers,
While I tell of summer showers,
Prophesy of golden grain,
And of loaded autumn wain,
Great me gladly, for in me
Prophet true of good you see,
Coming, coming, everywhere,
Making all the brown earth fair.

[Augusta Moore, in New York Evening Post.

THE DANDELION.

Every sunny globe of thine
O'er the startling meadows cast,
Is an avenue divine,
To the sealed, undying past,

Through which solemn music flows,
From the lips that kiss no more,
Through which every wind that blows
Wanders from a golden shore—

Wanders from a shore that I
Only tread again in dreams,
Only to ... in dreams descry,
Its receding groves and streams.

[Rev. T. Hempstead.

THE LILAC.

Lightly uplifting the lilac's frail thyrsus,
Drooping with fulness of life,
Bring me the odors she holds in her keeping—
Odors with vanished hopes ripe!
Verdant the leaflets she spreads to the sunshine,
Fair the sweet blossoms she rears,—
How the dim past, as I gaze on her beauty,
In its old glory appears.

THE CUCUMBER.

The cucumber graceth the festal board
Enshrouded in condiments rare,
And the epicure gleefully rubbeth his paunch
At the sight of the treasure there.
The doctor smileth a sad-like smile,
And giveth a crocodile groan,
And the marble-man goeth out the while
And polisheth up a stone.
The undertaker mournfully asks
"What will his measure be?"
And the sexton marketh a spot "reserved"
All under the willow tree.
'Tis hard the times and 'tis scarce the cash—
And so with a zestful joy
We welcome wait to the fitful fruit
That giveth the folk employ.

[St. Louis Journal.

NAPOLEON AND DRESS.—Napoleon set apart £500 a year for dress, and had a weakness for white kerseymere breeches. Being often wholly absorbed with cares of state (as courtly chroniclers apologetically observe,) he would constantly spill ink, or gravy, or coffee upon the afore said garments, which he hastened to change as soon as he perceived the mishap. This circumstance cost the blameless, but timid, Comte de Remusat his place as Master of the Robes, for the emperor soiled his clothes, and especially his white breeches, so frequently and so grievously, that the imperial tailor (M. Leger) was constantly receiving fresh orders, and £500 a year became quite insufficient to meet that functionary's little bills. Now the Comte de Remusat, who knew that the Emperor hated any disorder in his accounts, was foolishly afraid to speak to him on the subject. Meanwhile M. Leger became pressing in his demands for payment. At first he sent in his bill every month, then every fortnight, then every week, then twice a week, then every day; but the Master of the Robes continued to return unsatisfactory answers. At length M. Leger, whose patience was exhausted, took the bold step of complaining to the Emperor in person, at the very moment that his majesty was trying on a new uniform. With astonishment and anger Napoleon learned that he owed his tailor £1,200. The same day he paid the bill and dismissed M. de Remusat from his post, which was given to M. de Montesquiou Fezensac, a chamberlain in the imperial household. 'I hope Monsieur le Comte,' said Napoleon, between a smile and a frown to the newly-appointed master, 'that you will not expose me to the disgrace of being dunned for the breeches I am wearing.'

THE COUNTERFEIT QUARTER.—Four boys were standing under a tree looking at a bad quarter, which the father of one of the boys had taken the night before. 'Father thinks it came from the apple man; he bought apples yesterday, but he cannot be sure, for he had several others in his pocketbook. It is good for nothing anyway, so he gave it to me to play with.'

'You wouldn't catch my father losing money that way. He would shove it off on some one. You could spend that in half a dozen ways if you liked. Give it to me, Freddy, and I will go down to Aleck and get a hatful of chestnuts for it. You might as well; it is of no use to you. If Aleck finds it out, I will take it back and say, "Is it bad?" If Aleck finds it out after he gets it he will pass it on somebody, so there'll not be any harm done any way.'

'What of the next one who gets it?' said Freddy.

'Oh, he must pass it off as we do,' laughed Philip; 'come, let us try it any way.'

'No, I, Phil,' said the other, stoutly; 'my father says it is stealing to pass counterfeit money when you know it, and a very high crime. I don't mean to begin that business, even in a small way. Come to think of it, the best thing I can do with it is to pitch it into the mill-pond. I might lose it, and somebody find and pass it. Get some pebbles, boys, and let's see which can pitch the farthest.'

The old counterfeit was buried in the deep mill-pond, where it was never likely to tempt any one to dishonesty, or to make any one suffer loss by its means.

When Mr. Anthony Trollope was a very young man he applied for advice to a distinguished person, and asked how he might best 'succeed in literature.' The reply was characteristic: 'Fix yourself to your chair with a bit of cobbler's wax!'—in other words, 'stick to work.' The advice so given was earnestly taken. From that time to this Mr. Trollope has done his regular quantum of work daily. His minimum is so many thousands words, and no matter where he is—in England or in the antipodes, on land or shipboard, in house or tent—the minimum is reached. But hard work and no play would make Anthony a dull boy, and Mr. Trollope is never dull. His writing is always done before luncheon; his afternoons and evenings are entirely free. A sportsman as well as a novelist, he loves to gallop across country, and greatly enjoys all outdoor sports and indoor games. Curiously enough he can't read novels, and prefers the dryest work on statistics to the fiction of the circulating library. Mr. Trollope does not believe in inspiration. He maintains that the brain is a machine, which can be made to perform its work systematically, and at all seasons, provided proper attention is paid to the bodily health.

Willis was a wit as well as a poet. Few men were quicker at a *repartee*, or more happy in impromptu epigrams. During one of his visits at Washington, he passed an evening, on the occasion of some particular gathering, at the house of a Mrs. Seaton, which lady, together with a lovely niece visiting her, was the belle of the evening. A Mr. Campbell, who was afterward our Consul at Havana, paid particular attention to the elder of the two ladies, while Nat. Willis was to the full as devoted to the younger. The elder lady imagining her neice to be giving too much of her time to the poet, and too little to the other guests, wrote a warning to her on a visiting card, and as she met the younger in promenading, handed it to her. She, with a spice of *diablerie*, showed it to Nat., who immediately returned to Mrs. Seaton with the following written on the reverse side:

Don't seek, dear aunt, my actions to trammel;
You strain at my knat, yet swallow a Camel.

WHY GIRLS CANNOT THROW STONES.—The difference between a girl's throwing and a boy's is substantially this:—The boy crooks his elbow and reaches back with the upper part of his arm about at right angles with his body, and the forearm at an angle of forty-five degrees; the direct act of throwing is accomplished by bringing the arm back with a sort of snap, like the tail of a snake or a whip-lash working every joint from shoulder to wrist, and sometimes making your elbow sing as though you had got a whack on the crazy-bone. The girl throws with her whole arm rigid, the boy with his whole arm relaxed. Why this marked and unmistakable difference exists we never learned until, at a somewhat advanced period, we dove into a book of physiology, and learned that the clavicle, or collar-bone, in the anatomy of a female is some inches longer, and set some degrees lower down than in the masculine frame. This long, crooked, awkward bone interferes with the full and free action of the shoulder, and that's the reason why a girl cannot throw a stone.

The patent office has granted a patent for a dummy, for dry goods merchants, to enable them to make a large show on a small stock. It consists of a block of wood, neatly done up in a cover of cloth, labeled and ribboned to represent, in exterior appearance, a full package of real goods.

A SHADOWY LOVE.

How it Proved Real.

I was much two early for the train, yet it occurred to me that there had been at least forty-eight hours in the day, and as I neared the station was sure that my watch was slow, and hurried at last. So it happened that now I found myself, heated and out of breath, setting down my valise before the still closed ticket-office, and the great round clock boldly asserting the hour to be 10. The train didn't leave till 12. I sat down on my valise opposite the clock, and, taking from my breast-pocket a note, occupied myself with reading it and thinking it over. I will not be rash enough to say how many times I had read it before, nor how many interpretations I had put upon its simple words.

"Your letters came to me, yesterday. My only surprise was that it found me unable to give you an answer. What shall I say? Perhaps face to face the difficulty would seem less. I do not understand myself. Can you have patience with me and forgive me if in the end I hurt one who has been my true friend?"

That was all. There was no beginning or end, no signature. There was a rush of people, and I was half conscious of being dragged and shouldered and pushed into a car while I held a ticket in one hand and my valise in the other. There was an empty seat near a window, toward which a weighty old lady in spectacles and a green veil drove me, and occupied it with me. The even beat of the moving cars seemed saying the words of the note over and over, chopping them up, changing the punctuation. The monotony of this had a soothing effect on my excited nerves, and for the first time since the writing of the letter which had brought this note in answer to me, I was able to look back upon the whole story of my love.

Quite as if it were a tale in a book, I began at the time when I accepted Mr. Delancey's invitation to his country seat for a fortnight's trout-fishing as a recreation and rest from my scientific studies before I went abroad. I don't know what relation Mr. Delancey's late wife had been to me. It was one of those distracting problems of genealogy chiefly concerning great-great-grandmothers; but she always treated me as a cousin, which, as she was a very charming women, was pleasing to me. It was a little dull without her there, for my host was not an intellectual man, and very worldly, and Julia, his only child, was but 15, innocent, ignorant, pretty, but too plump. She used to accompany me sometimes when I fished, but was too shy to talk. Her chief powers seemed to lie in walking, so that really I had thought very little about her till one day I found her crying and inquired the cause of her misery.

"Papa is going to make me marry that silly, ugly Mr. Norris, and go away with him to his big town-house."

"What for?"

"I don't know."

"Does he love you?"

She dried her tears, looked up at me, then blushing, laughed and covered her face with her plumps hands: "I suppose he does."

"And you don't like him in spite of his fine town-house?"

She didn't answer, but ran away. Poor child! It was evident that the going to the "great town-house" conveyed far more terror to her mind than marrying her rich suitor.

In an interview an hour later with Mr. Delancy I found that he was in some money difficulty, and this offer of marriage from Norris seemed to him too good an opportunity to be lost. He put it very delicately, as a gentleman of his breeding should, and after a moment of silence, during which I mastered my indignation enough to cover it, I offered him a loan, which should assist him at this trying moment more securely than the possible generosity of a future son-in-law.

As we went in to dinner Julia whispered to me: "It's all right. Papa's so good!"

"I am very glad," I said, and was amused to see the virtuous complacency of papa during dinner.

Three years later, when I was living in my very loftily situated apartment in Paris, there came a letter to me from Julia. Mr. Delancey was very ill. His papers having been put in order by a lawyer, she assisting in the filing, etc., she had for the first time discovered her obligation to me, and wrote to thank me "thus tardily," she said. I was surprised and interested to find the letter charmingly written, and that of a cultivated woman. I begged in my answer that she would write again and tell me of her father's health. And so we entered into a correspondence that grew to be very intimate.

Mr. Delancey lingered in an invalid state, falling at last into imbecility; and it was a year after his death, when my student life was completed and I was ready to return to my country, after an absence of eight years, that I found a strange excitement in the thought of seeing Julia; a strange dread, too, lest this might be the end of our friendship—a deep sense of the necessity that had grown in me for the companionship of this mind. The depth of her thought surprised me; her spirituality elevated me; I learned from her while she was unconscious of it; I consulted her on serious matters; her taste and intuition seemed to me infallible; and all the while she thought herself in my debt because I recommended to her the reading of a few books, whose names she could have easily found in any library catalogue.

When I landed in New York late in June, finding everybody out of town, I wandered disconsolately about the streets, given over to venders of old hats and strawberries, putting off the hour when I should take the train for B——.

I realized that there must be a change in my relation with Julia—that the purely intellectual companionship possible in a correspondence kept up at a distance must in the shock of meeting be either quite overthrown or turn to an emotional affection. The first I could not face; the last seemed possible. The image of Julia, too—plump, with a white dress fastened at the back, her chestnut hair, wild and curly, falling on her neck and about her blushing round face, laughing, shielding her blushes with her plump hands—constantly rose to my mind. It was pretty enough. It was not all my idol. I returned to my hotel and read half a dozen of her last letters. Yes, this was the woman who could be my companion and helpmeet, who would expect of me my highest self, and give me a tender and comprehensive love—if she gave me any—I paused. She was not a women to be lightly won—this woman of the letters. Suppose she cast me off, and I went all my life missing what I had almost known. She might not like me when she saw me. I might have a dozen unknown rivals. She had never mentioned any one to me in this connection. Yet we had written of love abstractly, of friendship, of marriage. Her idol was a high one.

I would not go; I would write. It was easier to write than begin a new relation viva voce. I passed three more disconsolate days awaiting her answer, and the little note in my pocket was all that came.

The delays of the train I was in caused me much anxiety, as it was to connect with the last one, that evening, to B——. The conductor repeatedly assured me that it was "all right," but I found it all wrong by the space of three minutes when I alighted at the station, and there was nothing to do but to put up at the hotel for the night. It was a hotel much frequented by summer visitors on account of its vicinity to many attractive places, easily reached by parties of pleasure, to which end the roads were sown with mile stones and sign posts, which were an aggravation to behold, especially the one setting forth that it was forty miles to B——. Perhaps I could get a horse to take me there. I insinuated as much to the keeper of the hotel, but he informed me that there wasn't a horse left in the village, as a large party had taken advantage of the full moon to visit and keep within sound of a remarkable water-fall.

The piazza and a cigar proved no consolation to my restless frame of mind. I took my newspaper into the parlor to read it by the usual kerosene lamp, which stood on the usual worsted mat and marble-topped table. The identical cheap engravings common to all country inns of my native land stared familiarly at me from the white walls, the horse-hair sofa stood uncomfortably in the corner, and certain ferrotypes and photographs of people with an undue proportion of hands adorned the mantelpiece.

The paper had nothing in it. I took out the note. The words had ceased to have any meaning to me. I went to the window that looked out upon the piazza, attracted by heavy footsteps. They were those of an old lady who tramped in the moonlight wearily, dragging her shadow behind her with a comic expression of future hurry. Now she turned and retraced her steps, seeming to chase the unfortunate shadow with a conscientious, ponderous haste, as if she was anxious lest in her unwieldiness it should get there before her. With that puerile interest that small things have for us in moments of excitement, I stood watching her till she turned the corner of the piazza and left my exterior world unpeopled.

I was pondering on the effect little things have upon us, how undoubtedly that old lady had set some seed in my mind to bear fruit of some kind, some day, when we had both forgotten this day and hour, when two other people came into my world—a lady and gentleman.

They had seated themselves before I noticed them. The lady, whose back was turned to me, threw off the black-lace shawl that she had worn over her charming head and fanned herself with a quaint fan made of black ostrich feathers. Her dress was of gauzy black, with many well-adjusted ruffles. I thought she seemed weary. Her companion wore a restless, excited air. He had a boyish, slender figure, a mouth at once coarse and sensitive, not concealed by his full, light mustache. He might have been any age from 20 to 40, for his boyishness seemed rather a matter of constitution than years; and his fair, silky hair, tossed and blown, might have belonged to a young child, and the marks about his heavy-lidded blue eyes one could as easily attribute to dissipation as to maturity. He kneeled with one knee in the seat of a chair, laying his exquisite delicate hands over the back of it, and, always seemed about to speak, said nothing, but drew his breath quickly through his parted lips.

"You promised me never to say anything more to me on the subject, and you have broken your promise," said the lady. Her voice, which was strangely sweet, seemed to qualify the severity of her words. The man seemed to answer the voice:—

"You couldn't expect me to keep it. I didn't expect to meet you."

"No, I couldn't expect you to keep it, and I didn't mean to meet you. I shouldn't have come here had I known."

"What made you come?"

With a little, low, half-sad laugh the lady said: "I was afraid of a ghost."

"I should think you might, perhaps, be afraid of a ghost. You seem afraid of nothing real. You might perhaps like a ghost better than a flesh and blood man."

She laughed again half embarrassed. I could fancy in the shadow that she blushed. "Perhaps I might."

"You grow morbid shut up with books in a sick room."

Was this the explanation of the slender white hand and wrist, the forehead and cheek, so pale in the half light, contrasted with the dark hair and dress? She was an invalid. Yet her step, I remember, was full of a springing grace.

"No, I only learned some new things."

"And found that I didn't satisfy you. Before, you half fancied that I should, and the change seemed to come on the Friday that I found you writing letters by the window, when I brought you ring I had found in the lily pond. You never explained it to me."

The lady turned gravely and said: "How can one explain one's own development? That day, I saw myself and you. You but fancy yourself unhappy. That you cannot gain me serves you instead of other excitement, and the moment you had won me would be the moment in which you would be again adrift. It is not myself that you love. Forgive me for trying to make you see your own mistake."

As if to change the subject, she pointed with her fan to a humming-bird, at this moment poising above a cluster of honeysuckles, and, rising from her chair, stretched her arm up the dark vine and plucked the blossom.

She was a mere bodkin of a woman, with a slender throat and little waist. Her motion was exquisite, depending on a certain poise and balance. She drew my heart with every step. Her companion seemed half stupefied as he watched her. She stopped near him, fastening the honeysuckle in her dress. Now that I saw her face it haunted me with a resemblance to I know not whom. Somewhere I had seen it—yet surely not this face. It might have been that of an enthusiastic nun. There was a holy fire in the eyes, and the impetuous mouth was strangely sad.

"You don't know what you ask; what you would ignorantly take on your shoulders. Marriage would be to you a calling tie—an impossible responsibility. If I loved you I would not marry you. It is well that I do not. It would be harder for us both. There should be the sympathy that outlasts youth, and has its roots in the secret springs of the mind and soul."

"You don't know what you say," said the man springing up and standing before her. "You don't know what it means to love." He paused as with a sudden fear. "Do you? Is it not I?"

"I don't know," she said softly.

A sound in the room startled me to a realization of my position—eavesdropping! but the people were strangers whom I should never see again. The sound was from my first acquaintance in the hotel after the host—the stout old lady—who had entered the room without my observing her, and fallen asleep in the chair I had lately left. Of her cheerful rest she was giving audible evidence.

I went to my room with an uncomfortable sense of restlessness, pursued by the remembrance of that strongly sweet voice and exquisite motion of the nameless lady, and her fairy-like figure came ever between me and the vision of my intellectual, plump cousin. "A sympathy that outlasts youth, and has its roots in the secret springs of the mind and soul." I took from my bag a little pile of letters very precious to me, and conned them over by the light of my small lamp.

It must have been in the small hours of the night, or morning, that I fell asleep, and woke to find the healthy daylight a healthy impatience to see my cousin, and the strange little lady in the gauzy black, with her strange companion, seemed to me creatures of a dream gone, like the humming-bird and the moonlight.

The earliest train found me the earliest passenger, and the hot summer morning found me walking rapidly toward a high garden gate in B——. The keeper of the lodge came out, as I lifted the latch, for two purposes—to quiet a snarling terrier and to tell me that Miss Delancey and the aunt who had lived with her since her father's death had gone away.

"Gone away!" Mingled with intense disappointment and chagrin, I felt an obstinate determination to go to the ends of the earth, if need be, to find her. "Gone where?"

"Only to N—— for a few days."

"Why, I've just come from there."

"I'm very sorry, sir," said the man, apologetically drawing back as if he expected a blow.

I gave him a small fee instead, and rushed back to the station to take the next train, which turned out to be some three hours later. I didn't half believe the man at the lodge, and asked the host with much doubt when I reached the hotel if Miss Delancey was staying there with her aunt.

"Since yesterday morning."

"Was she in the house?"

He'd see.

I waited some time, remembering that I hadn't given my name, and presently he returned saying that Miss Delancey was asleep, having returned from a long walk. I gave the host my card, telling him to take it to Miss Delancey when she woke. It was late in the afternoon that a servant knocked at my door and handed me a note in the familiar handwriting: "I am waiting for you on the piazza."

I went rather deliberately down-stairs to convince myself of my utter presence of mind. As I stepped upon the piazza the slender vision of the past night in her gauzy black draperies stood, her back toward me, apparently absorbed in the contemplation of the soft purple shadows on the surrounding hills. With a sense of impatience that she should come there at this moment, I turned to look for my cousin, saying: "Julia, are you here?"

A soft sound of moving draperies, and the little lady in black was shyly holding out her slender hand to me: "Don't you know me?"

A speechlessness possessed me. I held the little hand with a fear that it would elude me, and gradually traced the young girl's face I remembered in the exquisite grace of the woman's before me, whose eyes were filling with tears.

"Don't say anything about it yet," she said with a pathetic fear. And I bide my time.

Midhat Pasha, now in London, was invited to dine at Lord Strathnairn's in Berkeley square, and being proud of his knowledge of English, he insisted on going out unattended. Upon being ushered into the drawing-room, Midhat found himself received by a host and hostess whom he did not know from the Prophet, and of course mutual explanations in French ensued. It was then made evident that Midhat's cabman had deposited the Pasha in Belgrave, not in Berkeley square, and when he ultimately put in an appearance at Lord Strathnairn's he had a good story to tell them as an apology for his late arrival.—*World.*

ONE SIDE OF LONDON LIFE.

There are corners of London which spring and sunshine never touch; gloomy alleys and smoky lanes which although perhaps decently clean, give the stranger the impression that they are squalid and unwholesome. Tired of the crowd in Regent street the other day, and of the crying colors in the motley toilets of the women shopping on the famous avenue, I turned aside to the right, and after five minutes rapid walking, could have imagined myself two hundred miles from the West End. I had entered upon a wilderness of narrow lanes, where the small, unornamented houses were crowded together as by some patent squeezing process. Frowsy children frolicked and gambled in the dirt, or ran with pitchers to the public house for beer. It was the dinner hour of the working class, and from north, south, east and west came long processions of underfed operatives, nearly all young, dowdy and melancholy. The girls presented a sad spectacle. Their language was more than free. Whatever womanliness they may have at some remote period possessed had been swept away by association with rough boors in the street, and in the squalid little houses in which they are doomed to live. There seemed no grace, no charm—not one atom of poetry in these starveling lives. Smoke hung in clouds just above the roofs of the dwellings, and in some blind passageway or dark angle where streets meet there was a blackness as of night. The men and women living in these sinks and stews have but one source of amusement—the "public house." This institution is represented as managed with a view to the prevention of abuses, but it seems to me to be open just when it should be closed, and hermetically closed when it should be open. Sunday evening at six o'clock, if I take a walk through this sooty and smoky section I shall see these operatives whom I have just described waiting in long lines to be let into the dingy compartments of the public. There they will remain as long as their means will permit—men and women sitting together in the sickening atmosphere, and only arising to stumble home through the gloom to dull rooms filled with dampness. Perhaps, too, I shall see groups of drunken women, fallen on the threshold of the "public" or dancing and shrieking as their sodden husbands endeavor to convey them home. It is not an uncommon sight.

This district into which I strayed by accident must not be taken for a slum, or some lost and doomed section. It is merely a sample of acres on acres of homes in mighty London. It is guarded well, and one's purse and head are perfectly safe. On every third or fourth corner stands the policeman, tall, handsome, well uniformed and obliging. But one looks in vain for the huge school-house, with its cheerful yard, which is to be found everywhere in Germany and America; in vain for some picturesque corner where a fountain, a cathedral, and a massive portal inspire the soul with their beauties; in vain for some elegant home, which demonstrates that the workmen has made progress and is happy. The shops are mean and shabby; the market place, although clean has an uninviting air; the butcher boys scrub the shelves with soap and water, but the meats and fish are so arranged that one revolts at the thought of partaking of them. Faded women in shabby gowns and plaited straw hats wander disconsolately about with baskets, chaffering, while unwashed children cling bowling to their skirts. Lodging houses with mysterious entrances announce therein bed and board on small signs, as if the proprietors were too modest to affront the public eye. The coffee house is plunged in gloom. There are even little half curtains to exclude such light as might by chance have crept in, and had the windows been left unguarded. Here and there is a little "foreign hotel" around whose doors dried and wizened old men in snuffy coats hover with anxious air like sea gulls about a steamer. These are the drift of exile and of crime—refugees from a dozen climes—broken branches from the parent trees, strayed into the London whirlpool and carried round and round until it is time to go—down! Every one in all this labyrinth of streets seems to have a little money to devote to one object, and that object is ... dolent of beer. Beer is the god of the locality. Its praises are set forth in flaming posters. And if there were a huge building anywhere in the vicinity I would wager that it is a brewery. On a damper and colder night than the usual foggy and chilly ones the population indulges in "hot beer." With such wretched consolation do they eke out their sunless and miserable lives.

There is no color in any of the faces of the people in this section, unless it be the bloom bestowed by drink. A dull pallor is set upon the cheeks. Early death is written upon hundreds of brows. But the most discouraging feature is the content which it is easy to discover on every visage. These people know no better existence, and they consequently care for none better. For them no lecture courses exist, in which they can be instructed and fascinated; church is a vague formality, good enough for wealthy folk, but not worth much to the poor; the theatre is a pleasure which they take greedily, when they are not too tired by their long day's work to go to it; but their main idea of enjoyment is the gratification of the grosser senses. And there seems no restraint upon them; the women are without safeguards, and are unconscious of their degradation; a large number of the men are brutal, thoughtless, indifferent. There is talent, perhaps genius, among these toiling folks; but one may readily fancy that it is stifled, stamped out by the hideous surroundings. At night there are schools, none to many, alas! and there is the "Royal Polytechnic," which these people might attend if they chose, but they cannot spare time from the theatre and the public house to attend more advantageous places.

The workman and workwoman are barely comfortable, and nearly always look shabby, but their lot is paradise as compared with that of hundreds in the section, who are the slaves of poverty. That they live at all is a mystery; and how they live is quite past finding out. The last atom of their self-respect has long ago vanished, and they beg as readily as they spend the proceeds of their beggary for drink.

To emerge from such a section as this into a comparatively bright thoroughfare like Oxford street or Picadilly is almost startling. The contrast is painful. If the Prince of Wales ever rebuilds London, when he comes to the throne, he will do well to provide homes for the poor workmen, to wrest them from the sloughs in which they have been so long that they begin to feel it natural to remain there. Two clever novelists, the authors of "The Golden Butterfly," and other attractive stories, are now publishing in Edmund Yates' paper a sparkling satire called "The Monks of Thilema." It relates to the adventures of a country squire who indulged in a very expensive series of social experiments for the civilizing and uplifting of his tenantry, and the utter failure of all his endeavors. The story represents the opinions of a large class, which refuses to believe that the masses are susceptible of that culture and elevation which is not only desirable but almost necessary for the safety of the country.—*London Cor. in Boston Journal.*

IF I WERE YOU, SIR.

BY NORA PERRY.

If I were you, sir,
I would not sue, sir,
For any woman's love, day after day;
I'd never stand, sir,
At her command, sir,
Year in and out in this fond, foolish way.

Across my face, sir,
I'd have the grace, sir,
Or mother-wit, to pull a gayer mask,
And wait to find, sir,
What was her mind, sir,
Before I'd grovel at her feet to ask.

All very well, sir,
For you to tell, sir,
Of that grand poet in the olden time,
Whose fine advice, sir,
Was so concise, sir,
In that immortal strain of gallant rhyme.

It does not fit, sir,
Your case a bit, sir;
He never meant a man should pray and pray,
With such an air, sir,
Of poor despair, sir,
For any woman's love, day after day.

If you will read, sir,
The verse with heed, sir,
You'll see it runs as clearly as it may,
That every man, sir,
Should take his answer
With manly courage, be it yea or nay.

Then cease your sighs, sir;
No man's a prize, sir;
In any woman's sight, just let me say,
Who's not too high, sir,
To sigh and die, sir,
For any woman's love, day after day.

Grief or misfortune seems to be indispensable to the development of intelligence, energy and virtue. The proofs to which the people are submitted, as with individuals, are necessary then to draw them from their lethargy, to disclose their character.—*Faeron.*

GOOD FELLOWS.

We once heard a person, who greatly prided himself on his knowledge of human nature, roundly assert that "your good fellow is invariably a scoundrel." The induction, no doubt, was too sweeping; but the assertion was by no means so paradoxical as to some persons it may possibly appear. Popularity is rarely earned by sterling virtues; and the idols of the vulgar, in these days, as in the Scriptural epoch, have generally feet of clay. Your typical good-fellow usually manifests his goodness early in life; and there are few men known as good fellows who did not lay the foundation of their reputation at school. It is superfluous to say that a good fellow never condescends to study. To be a "sap" would be fatal to his claims. It is, however, not from deliberation, but by nature and instinct—by what the French call *bon naturel*—that he exhibits a rooted repugnance to acquire even the small amount of education for which his father pays heavily. Indeed, a sublime disregard of money and money's worth is one of the good fellow's invariable characteristics; and he shows, as soon as he enters his teens, that he recognizes no obligation in this world beyond that of maintaining the character ascribed to him. It is true, his father may be a struggling lawyer, a poor clergyman, a hard-working doctor, and the entire household of the family to which he belongs, may be arranged with the single-minded view of giving him what is called a gentleman's education, and enabling him to say, that he was at a great and fashionable public school. The domestic larder may be meagrely supplied, his mother may devote her days—and not a few wakeful nights—to the consideration of how to make two ends meet, and his sisters may be denied gowns, and deprived of accomplishments, in order that that wonderful good fellow, their brother, may want for nothing that doth become a man. But these amiable acts of self-sacrifice only prove, that the main object in the life of his family is, that he should be a good fellow, and he devotes himself with untiring energy to not disappointing his anxious relatives. He spends his allowance like a man, and is perpetually applying for fresh supplies. He gets into innumerable scrapes, but he gets out of them, as good fellows invariably do. Had he been industrious, frugal, and uniformly conscientious, one such escapade as he indulges in periodically would have ruined him. But good fellows are expected to get into trouble. "It's their nature to;" and his faults are regarded as a fresh proof of his ineradicable goodness.

In after-life the good fellow no more changes his idiosyncracy, than does the Ethiopian his skin. In whatever walk you meet him you will find him betraying the same characteristics. No good fellow, for instance, ever condescends to be punctual, or to keep an appointment; and his excuse for not doing so on every occasion is so 'good,' that everybody at once recognizes its validity. If he borrows from you he invariably forgets to pay; and though nobody would be readier to lend money, if he had it, than the good fellow, it is a peculiarity of his, that he never has any. About middle life a certain change of external appearance begins to show itself in the good fellow.

His clothes grow conspicuously shabbier; he suffers some eclipse in his high spirits, and he not unoften developes a red nose. He is still a bachelor, in all probability; for, had he married it is conceivable, that matrimonial existence would long since have taken all the 'goodness' out of him. He is much seen at race-courses; and as, on occasion, he can call upon the ghost of his old self, and be, for a time, stupendously amusing, he is invited ever and anon to luncheon under the trees. But, alas! when he is gone, his host says of him—not as used to be said, 'What a good fellow he is!' but 'What a good fellow he used to be!' In reality, he is precisely the same fellow he was then—thoughtless, selfish, rollicking, unprincipled. But then he was young, and now he will soon be old, and the grimaces and friskings of youth would no longer please, even if they could be maintained, after a man has come to forty years. Probably, the only persons who can afford, without danger and without reproach, to be good fellows, are very rich men, whose wealth is secure; and so long as they confine themselves, in the pursuit of their good-fellowship, to spending their own money, without inducing poorer men to squander theirs, not a word can be said against them. They may be truly good fellows, without a touch of scoundrelism. Oddly enough, however, rich men are rarely good fellows. They prefer to keep their money, or to spend it in such a way, that no one shall have the chance of extolling them for their good fellowship. It will then be seen, that a good fellow is something very different from a good man. A good man is often obliged to make himself exceedingly disagreeably; a good fellow takes care never to do so.

"SOFT SOAP" IN PUBLISHING.

The theory upon which some papers are conducted is, that the public, to be pleased, interested and entertained, must be treated to soft soap, in season and out of season. It may be that this course is found necessary in view of the large and growing demand from their readers for puffs. Mere statements that Mr. Adams has built a new house, or that John Simpkins is a candidate for constable, are not sufficient. It must read, "The Hon. Mr. Adams, so long identified with every public enterprise, will embellish the avenue during the coming summer, with a palatial residence of four rooms and a kitchen. Mr. Adams and his beautiful and accomplished family will, we are glad to say, continue to charm the society of our lovely city," etc., etc.

That is pure and unadulterated soft soap, but then Adams likes it, and orders a dozen copies to send "back East." Simpkins, who rose to politics through money made while keeping a little saloon, pays the usual fee for announcing his name as candidate for constable, signing "many citizens," and asks, of course, for a personal notice. If the editor tells the truth, he will say that Simpkins has not a single qualification necessary for the office he aspires to; that he is a leader of bummers, and would in no wise reflect credit on the community. Does he say that? Oh, no; he says: "We are pleased to call the attention of our readers to the announcement to be found in another column, that Mr. John Simpkins, so well and favorably known as a successful business man, has consented to allow his friends to present his name for constable at the coming convention. We need only say in this connection, that the well-known character of Mr. Simpkins for probity and honesty, should he receive the nomination—and his numerous friends are sanguine that he will—would insure his election by a large and flattering vote."

The people of the community know the editor is lying, and they say, with a sneer: "Oh, well, he has to do it, you know; he is paid for it." After the nomination, no matter what dead beats and frauds are enabled, by combinations, by schemes and tricks, to secure places on the ticket, the party papers are expected to endow every man with all the virtues of the wisest and best, and not only must this be done once, but it must be kept up "red hot" with the largest and best adjectives in the dictionary.

We have seen drunkards put on a temperance plank of a State ticket, and church members in good standing, and total abstinence men, go out and labor night and day for their election. The press that fails to use a tub full of soft soap over such candidates, is said to be "disloyal," or not entirely true to the party.

The press is just as necessary to the people as the people are to the press, and if publishers have the courage and independence to assert the truth, instead of dealing out soft soap, the business of making papers for the public will assume its legitimate place.

Many communities look upon their press as an object of charity, to be supported out of philanthropic and public spirited motives. The press have it in their power to change this by putting more legitimate business behind the making of papers, and less soft soap.

Cardinal de Bonnechose tells this story of the late Conclave: "Cardinal Pecci, who, the previous evening, had received the largest number of votes, was, on that Wednesday morning, pale and agitated. He went to one of the members of the Sacred College, in whom he had every confidence, and said to him before the opening of the ballot: 'I cannot restrain myself; I feel the necessity of speaking to the Sacred College; I fear it may commit an error. People have given me the reputation of a learned doctor; I am believed to be a savant; I am not. I am supposed to have the qualities necessary to be a Pope; I have not. That is what I wish to say to the Cardinals.' Fortunately, his interlocutor replied: 'As to your doctrine, you have not to judge of it, but us; as to your qualities for the Papacy, God knows them, but let him act.' He obeyed, and soon the number of votes given to him, having exceeded the two-thirds of the total, he was named Pope."—*Tribune.*

From the Golden Hours.

SLEEP.

"So He giveth His beloved sleep."—Psalm cxxvi. 2.

He sees when their footsteps falter, when their heart grows weak and fair,
He marks when their strength is failing, and listens to each complaint;
He bids them rest for a season, for the pathway has grown too steep;
And folded in fair green pastures,
He giveth His loved ones sleep.

Like weary and worn-out children, that sigh for the daylight's close,
He knows that they oft are longing for home and its sweet repose;
So He calls them in from their labors ere the shadows around them creep,
And silently watching o'er them,
He giveth his loved ones sleep.

He giveth it, oh, so gently! as a mother will hush to rest
The babe that she softly pillows so tenderly on her breast;
Forgotten are now the trials and sorrows that made them weep,
For with many a soothing promise
He giveth His loved ones sleep.

He giveth it! Friends the dearest can never this boon bestow;
But He touches the drooping eyelids, and placid the features grow;
Their foes may gather around them, and storms may round them sweep,
But, guarding them safe ...
He giveth His loved ones sleep.

All dread of the distant future, all fears that oppress to-day,
Like mists, that clear in the sunlight, have noiselessly passed away;
Nor call or clamor can rouse them from slumbers so pure and deep,
For only His voice can reach them,
Who giveth His loved ones sleep.

Weep not that their toils are over, weep not that their race is run;
God grant we may rest as calmly when our work like theirs, is done!
Till then we would yield with gladness our treasures to him to keep,
And rejoice in the sweet assurance
He giveth His loved ones sleep.

TELSLA.

The Love Story of a Dahl Peasant.

An artist in Sweden, telling in the New York *Times*, recently, his story of adventure, interwove with it a story so touching of honest love and child-like ignorance of the world that it is worth producing here though more briefly. One evening, on a mountain-side, he was trying to sketch his sleeping guide, when a fine young fellow, dressed in the picturesque Dahl costume whom he remembered to have seen in a village some days before, approached him. He had a forest of auburn curls, and big gray eyes, and a melancholy expression on his face; and was in his holiday costume—leather breeches, massive shoes with ponderous iron buckles, the peculiar leather apron of the country, a bright blue jacket and a square-cut waistcoat of yellow, embroidered with scarlet flowers, and the flaps lying low on his hips. He carried a heavy bag that might weigh a hundred pounds and hold two bushels, on his back, but stood as erect as a young fir. He said "Good evening," in his own way, and offered his hand, then let the bag down and sat upon it. He looked at the artists sketch, and then desired to use the pencil. The artist added a piece of paper, and the peasant wrote on it one word—"Telsla." He scrutinized the artist closely for a moment, then rose wearily, as if disappointed, and began emptying his leather sack. "A good supply of barley loaves, a bottle of brandy and a considerable wardrobe came out before the peasant reached the object of his search—a bit of blue ribbon, carefully wrapt in cloth. He showed this to the artist, and pointed to the word "Telsla." The American could n't but understand that the name and the ribbon had something to do with each other, and finding the Dahl patois incomprehensible he brought his sketching into play:—

"Though it was 9 o'clock at night, a soft, mellow, subdued light still pervaded the mountains. I rapidly drew the peculiar Dahl shoe, with its sole of birch bark extending beyond the toe, made the peg in the middle, which answers for the heel, and decorated the instep with ... ribbons. The Dahl man gazed intently on it, pointed to his own feet, and shook his head. I tried a second time, and sketched the peculiar woman's head-gear of his village, with the long, thick plaits, elaborating the hair, which I adorned with ribbon streamers, simply indicating a woman's profile the whole of it not much bigger than my thumb. As I went on I wondered whether I had hit it. I heard a deep sigh, and a big tear spattered on the paper. My Dahl man rose with an overjoyous face, and went to where he had piled up his stock of bread, and, breaking a loaf in two, handed me half of it, and offered me his brandy bottle." That awoke the guide, who had been glum over the loss of his own spirits in a fall; and he reached out his hand for the bottle as soon as the artist had finished his modest swallow. Then the Dahl man burst into a flood of talk, that lasted an hour, when they all went to sleep. In the morning he should have forgotten all about the visitor had it not been for the bread he left. As they were feasting at dinner on birds, shot on their way down the mountain, the guide, swallowing a huge mouthful, remarked:—

"It is good bread, even if it was kneaded with tears."

"How so?" I asked.

"Why, the Dahl man—"

"Well, what about him?" I inquired. What did he want? What did he mean by Telsla? Where did he go to?"

"Pardon me, worthy sir," said Ericksen, with a certain degree of constraint; "I have done the work as guide for a good many Englishmen, and you are the first American, but you see strangers might kind of laugh at the way of feeling or thinking of our poor country folks, and that young fellow's story might seem to be foolish to you."

"But what did he want?" I asked.

"That poor Dahl boy saw you when you passed through his village. The coming and going of a stranger there in summer is an event; in winter it would not have had the same effect. Hearing, after you had left, that you were an American, he packed up everything he had in the world, his clothes and his tools, for he is a blacksmith, and has been on foot for the last three days and nights following us, and he wanted to join you and go across with you to America, wherever that may be."

"Why? what for?" I inquired.

"Oh, it is quite a story. He told it all to me, last night and 'most snapped his heart-strings in the telling of it. He waited until you were asleep; for though he had plucked up courage enough to follow me so far, he was afraid to tell it all to me. Telsla was the freshest, rosiest maiden in the village. I remember her well three years ago. She was 16 then. How pretty she was in her sheepskin jacket and her blue petticoat! Modest and pure-minded was she, and no one could say a word against her. She was the daughter of the inn-keeper, and her condition was a good one. It was a merry house, and in winter a constant round of feastings took place. Telsla had a good bit of learning; but what was better, she was a tidy housewife, and made fine cheeses, and had a sweet voice, and sang well, and had a good heart. I think she must have loved our friend of last night, though nobody could ever say that she told her thoughts.

"Two years ago, that girl's father married a woman from the Mora country. I have nothing to say against the Mora people, only they are apt to try and hold their heads away up, like geese, and lord it over the simpler Dahl folk; and so Telsla and her step-mother did not agree very well. Then trouble came when Telsla's old father died, and the Mora woman claimed most of the property, and a lawsuit, which is a scandal among the Dahl folk, was likely to set in. All I could make out of the story was, that, one fine day, Telsla sold out to her step-mother all her right in her father's estate, and in desperation-like walked alone to the coast and got on board a cattle-boat at Gefle, and went to Stockholm, whence she took ship to America. There ain't much that is strange about that, for lots of our people have gone to America.

"Either because the Dahl blacksmith had not been quick enough in telling his love, being a modest kind of fellow, or whether they had a quarrel over a bit of ribbon, certain it is that while her lover was absent Telsla went away and left the country. All I could learn was what he told me, and he has been eating his own heart ever since and living in the dark, though it happened 'most a year ago. He wanted to go to America in search of her, and thought perchance, that you might have some tidings of Telsla, belike seen her. Now, I am only a guide, and not one of those stuck-up fellows, like the Mora people, who think they can learn nothing. So when he told me his long story, I opened the pack and took out that book you carry with the maps in it. It took me an hour to explain to the poor simple fellow that in this world Sweden is but a tiny speck, and that America is 'most all the rest of the earth. I took him right off to that cliff there, where there is a clear fall of a thousand feet to the jagged rocks below, and I bid him toss a pebble into the depths, and said to him, 'That little stone is Telsla; America is that waste of stones and splintered rocks and gravel below there. Do you think you could ever find that little round white shinning pebble again, you have just thrown down? The stone is lost.'

"This seemed to strike him, and that neither he, nor I, nor you, sir, nor any one else save God could find for him where Telsla had gone to.

He seemed stunned at this, but men in love are mostly either up in the sky or down in a pit. Still he kind of hung to the idea that you might help him. I told him you were a painter journeying about to draw water-falls and mountains, and that your business might not let you have followers. That it cost a heap of money—a fortune—to cross away beyond the seas to America. I did not say you did not have a kind heart, for I have no reason to think to the contrary, but I put it to him, that as, you had never seen Telsla with the hair of gold and the deep blue eyes, how could you ever have known how she looked, so as to be able to tell him about your having met her in America? But he declared that you had drawn her face. I made him believe, after a long time, that he had come on fool's errand, and that he had better return to his mountain side and go to work again, and pick up heart, because if he put his trust in God and Telsla loved him she would be sure to send him tidings some day.

"You know they are very honest in these parts, so when he asked for the little scrap of paper on which you had drawn a woman's face and which he had held in his hand all the time, I refused at first to let him have it. The poor fellow begged dreadfully hard. Now, as I suppose, you sell these things, I make bold then to make a kind of bargain about it. It took you I suppose, not over a half-hour to draw that picture, and I thought one whole day of my service as your guide was worth about as much as the picture, so, if you are agreed to it, I will buy it in that way for the lad. The Dahl boy will certainly repay me the price of this little picture, either this winter or the next, when I go through his village. Or, if you hold to your picture, and must have it, as you will stay at the porphyry works to-morrow, this very night I can cross the country and get the picture back and, having hired you a new guide for a day or so, I can head you off again and join you—that is to say, if you are not offended with me for the liberty I may have taken about the picture. These love scrapes always get other people into trouble. That is all, only Dahl men and Dahl women love through life and death."

"Your poor Dahl friend is welcome to my little bit of a sketch, which has really no value," I replied.

I mused for a moment over this simple story, when Ericksen thanked me warmly and added "He wrote something which I promised to give you," and my guide took from the lining of his cap a scrap of my etching paper, which I had dropped somewhere, and on which was penciled some faint characters. "I gave him my sacred word that I would beg you, whenever you went to America, to put this in your post-office, if you have any in your country, so that it might reach Telsla that way. It was a good idea of the Dahl man."

"But Ericksen, my good fellow, what is written on that paper?" I inquired.

"Only this," he replied, "on this side is, 'To Telsla, America,' on the other, 'If this ever reaches you anywhere, for the love of God! write to me, so that I may join you, and keep my heart from breaking. You know who it is that writes you.'"

Does any one in this wide land know anything about Telsla; the one with the golden hair and the blue eyes?

NIGHT AND MOONLIGHT.—Many men walk by day; few walk by night. It is a very different season. Take a July night, for instance. About 10 o'clock—when man is asleep and day fairly forgotten—the beauty of moonlight is seen over lonely pastures where cattle are silently ... selves. Instead of the sun there are the moon and stars, instead of the wood-thrush there is the whip-poor-will—instead of the butterflies in the meadows, fire-flies, winged sparks of fire! who would have believed it? What kind of cool, deliberate life dwells in those dewy abodes associated with a spark of fire? So man has fire in his eyes, or blood, or brain. Instead of singing birds, the half-throttled note of a cuckoo flying over, the croaking of frogs, and the intenser dream of crickets. But above all, the wonderful trump of the bull-frog, ringing from Maine to Georgia. The potato vines stand upright, the corn grows apace, the bushes loom, the grain-fields are boundless. On our open river terraces, once cultivated by the Indian, they appear to occupy the ground like an army—their heads nodding in the breeze. Small trees and shrubs are seen in the midst, overwhelmed as by an inundation. The shadows of rocks and trees, and shrubs and hills are more conspicuous than the objects themselves. The slightest irregularities in the ground are revealed by the shadows, and what the feet find comparatively smooth appears rough and diversified in consequence. For the same reason the whole landscape is more variegated and picturesque than by day. The smallest recesses in the rocks are dim and cavernous; the ferns in the wood appear of tropical size. The sweet fern and indigo in evergreen wood-paths wet you with dew up to your middle. The leaves of the shrub oak are shining as if a liquid were flowing over them. The pools seen through the trees are as full of light as the sky. "The light of the day takes refuge in their bosoms," as the Purana says of the ocean. All white objects are more remarkable than by day. A distant cliff looks like a phosphorescent space on a hill-side. The woods are heavy and dark. Nature slumbers. You see the moonlight reflected from particular stumps in the recesses of the forest, as if she selected what to shine on. These small fractions of her light remind one of the plant called moonseed—as if the moon were sowing it in such places.—*Thoreau.*

THOREAU, AS SEEN BY EMERSON.—Thoreau's robust common sense, armed with stout hands, keen perceptions, and strong will, cannot yet account for the superiority which shone in his simple and hidden life. I must add the cardinal fact that there was an excellent wisdom in him, proper to a rare class of man, which showed him the material word as a means and symbol. This discovery, which sometimes yields to poets a casual and interrupted light, serving for the ornament of their writing, was in him an unsleeping insight; and, whatever faults or obstructions of temperament might cloud it, he was not disobedient to the heavenly vision. In his youth he said, one day: "The other world is all my art; my pencils will draw no other; my jack-knife will cut nothing else; I do not use it as a means." This was the muse and genius that ruled his opinions, conversation, studies, work and course of life. This made him a searching judge of men. At first glance he measured his companion, and, though insensible to some fine traits of culture, could very well report his weight and caliber. And this made the impression of genius which his conversation often gave. His riddles were worth the reading, and I confide, that, if at any time I do not understand the expression, it is yet just. Such was the wealth of his truth that it was not worth while for him to use words in vain. His poem entitled "Sympathy" reveals the tenderness under that triple steel of stoicism, and the intellectual subtility it could animate. His classic poem on "Smoke" suggests Simonides, but is better than any poem of Simonides. His biography is in his verses. His habitual thought makes all his poetry a hymn to the cause of causes, the spirit which vivifies and controls his own.—*R. W. Emerson.*

Details of the death of Miss Julia Kavanagh have been given in the preface of a new volume of her writings. On Sunday, the 28th of last October, Mrs. Kavanagh heard, in the adjoining chamber, a noise as of a heavy fall. She immediately rose from her bed, and proceeding to her daughter's room, found her upon the floor. Miss Kavanagh exclaimed in French, the language in which she usually spoke, "Oh, mamma, how silly I am to have fallen!" She was assisted back to her couch, doctors were called in, and by 8 o'clock that same morning, the large, beautiful eyes of Julia Kavanagh had closed in their last sleep. An aged mother, so blind as to be able to distinguish only light from darkness, was left to mourn a daughter from whom she had never been separated; a daughter whose life had been devoted to her mother, to whom she was all in all, in whom had lived as bright and pure a spirit as ever breathed.

The world has been compared to a looking-glass which gives back every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it will turn and look sourly at you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Greediness digs its own grave.

Drawing materials—Corckscrews.

In woe, hold out; in joy, hold in.

Ignorance is the wet-nurse of prejudice.

Wit without sense is a razor without a handle.

We have made justice a luxury of civilization.

When all other sins grow old, avarice is young.

How much cloth is required to make a spirit-rapper?

Old age increases us in wisdom—and in rheumatism.

Great and good men are the frame-work of civilization.

No quorum attends more meetings than any other man.

Beware of the man with half-shut eyes. He's not dreaming.

To be happy is the luxury of a false religion.—*Sydney Smith.*

The truth ought to be told—when it is useful. "*Lady Creamly.*"

The loosening of the silver cord is the sad loosening of many ties.

Half the discomfort of life is the result of getting tired of ourselves.

Judge a man, not by what he has on him, but by what he has in him.

The rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken.

Passion always lowers a great man, but sometimes elevates a little one.

There are people who expect to escape hell because of the crowd going there.

The brave man wishes to die at his post and be remembered for faithful work.

Why are cashmere shawls like deaf people? Because you can't make them hear.

The best protection against other people's ill-manners are one's own good manners.

Some mourn more the shame which sin brings, than the sin which brings the shame.

How small, of all that human hearts endure, the part that kings or laws can cause or cure!

Misers now and then manage to get up a feast of reason, but their flow of soul is not a success.

The passionate are like men standing on their heads; they see all things the wrong way.—*Plato.*

Doctrines are of use only as they are practiced. Men may go to perdition with their heads full of truth.

It is in vain that thou sayeth to man, "There is a God, if thou dost not show thyself to him a man.—*Pestalozzi.*

At what hour did the devil make his appearance in the garden of Eden? In the night, of course. He came after Eve.

"How many people," says Jeremy Taylor, "are busy in this world gathering together a handful of thorns to sit upon!"

Monkeys never grow older in expression. A young monkey looks exactly like his grand-papa melted up and born again.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will see the defect when the weaving of a lifetime is unrolled.

Only a fool admits those of but a single degree to his social circle. There are three hundred and sixty degrees to the perfect circle.

Artaxerxes, my boy, said Mr. Marrowfat, remember the dying words of Socrates: "Never marry a woman that kicks sideways."

I say, because death only makes me free,
Death is the best of all the things that be.
[*Angelus Silesius.*

He that does not go as far as his heart urges and his mind directs is a coward; but he who goes further than he intended is a slave.—*Lavater.*

The way to honor a true man as he would be honored, when death forces others to enter upon his labors, is to continue them as he would have done had he lived.

Men take wives because possession is not possible without marriage, and women accept husbands because marriage is not possible without possession.—*Thomas Hardy.*

Respectability is all very well for folks who can have it for ready money; but to be obliged to run in debt for it, is enough to break the heart of an angel.

Thou who dost dread the Jesuits art,
Look closely into thine own heart,
Misleading thee there ever sits
The cunningest of Jesuits.—[*Brauer.*

Bluebeard's wife would have been less than a woman had she not wished to see how much closet room there was in the house—a closet, you know, is such a nice place to hang things.

It is very fantastical and contradictory in human nature that men should love themselves above all the rest of the world, and yet never endure to be with themselves alone.—*Cowley.*

With every one the expectation of a misfortune constitutes a dreadful punishment. Suffering then assumes the proportions of the unknown, which is the soul's infinite.—*Balzac.*

The quaintest thing of late in baby-talk—A little girl, seeing a dog scratching to be let in at an opposite door, promptly knocked at the window and called out, "Ing e bell, doggy; ing e bell."

In love, as in everything else, truth is the strongest of all things, and frankness is but another name for truth. You are less likely to be deceived yourself when you never deceive others.

The fact is, says Sydney Smith, that, to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can.

It would not be easy, even for an unbeliever to find a better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract into the concrete, than to endeavor so to live that Christ would approve our life.—*John Stuart Mill.*

Do-the-Girls' Hall, Yorkshire—Breakfast conversation—Wicked pupil—Please, Miss Jones, the wind blew so hard, last night, that I woke up. Miss Jones (tartly and conventionally)—Well don't let it happen again!—*Punch.*

When a man goes out into the world knowing when he does know a thing, knowing when he does not know a thing, and knowing how knowledge is to be acquired, I call him a perfectly educated man.—*The Bishop of Manchester.*

Dr. Holland is wickedly supposed to have meant Susan Anthony in these lines:—

A gentle voice grows harsh and hoarse
That warns and threatens and commands
Beyond the measure of its force.

The Abbe Prevost solicited the office of chaplain to the prince de Conti. "But I never go to mass," replied the prince. "And I never celebrate it," added the abbe. "In that case you have the appointment," responded the prince.

A Saratoga tombstone lifts up a warning voice to single women, in the following manner: "Emma, dau'r of Abraham and Matilda C——, and wife of Theodore S——, died Aug. 10, 1868, Æ 20 years, leaving five children—married too young against her father's will. Single women take warning."

Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change, no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Nature, with a perfect economy, turns all forces to account. She makes action and reaction alike useful. This strong affection for progeny becomes in her hands the agent of a double culture, serving at once to fashion parent and child into the desired form. And beautiful is it to see how the most powerful of instincts is made the means of holding men under a discipline to which, perhaps, nothing else could make them submit.—*Herbert Spencer.*

Better a thousand-fold sacrifice elegance than fervor; better crucify refined taste than quench holy passion; better have the outward forms of devotion imperfect and inartistic, than lose the spirit which alone gives them value; better that music should be discordant than soulless, the prayers broken and rugged than cold and undevout, the altar bare and unattractive than the fire that ought to burn on it extinguished, the temple rude and unshapely than the God absent.

The models and thoughts of man are revolving just as incessantly as nature's. Nothing must be postponed; take time by the forelock, now or never. You must live in the present, launch yourself on any wave, find your eternity in each moment. Fools stand on their island opportunities and look toward another land. There is no other land, there is no other life, but this, or the like of this. Where the good husbandman is, there is the good soil. Take any other course, and life will be a succession of regrets.—*Thoreau.*

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

Bucks County Gazette:

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

Thursday, May 16, 1878.

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3.—The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post office, or removing, and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

—Delaware is to be visited by a large number of Canadians this summer, who propose buying farms in that State.

—The bill prohibiting the payment of interest on deposits in banks savings institutions, &c., passed the House of Representatives of this State on Monday.

—Chicago is likely to have a unique public building. The county has built its half of the court house of white stone, and the city has contracted to build its half of black Bedford stone!

—A heavy frost occurred in the vicinity of Boston on Sunday night, damaging vegetation to a considerable extent. Snow prevailed in New Hampshire and Vermont, covering the White mountains.

—General Butler is said to have declared a purpose not to be a candidate for reelection to Congress this fall, and on the strength of the rumor the announcement is made that he will be the candidate of the National party for Governor of Massachusetts. He thinks the Bay State needs a "shaking up" again probably.

—John Taylor will probably be hanged a second time for a murder committed ten years ago in Danville, Ky. He was lynched immediately after the crime, but was cut down by his friends before life was extinct, and burried off to Kansas, where he lived under an assumed name until he was recently recognized.

—Professor Joseph Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, who has been seriously ill with Bright's disease of the kidneys died at noon on Monday at the institution over which he has so long presided. He will be a great loss to the institution and the country. As a scientist, he stood in the first rank.

—The House Committee on Naval Affairs are unanimously in favor of an appropriation of $500,000 for a dry-dock at League Island. It is comforting to know that there is not a member of that committee foolish enough to oppose so necessary a project, and let us hope that this exhibition of sound common sense may not be the last.

—From eighty to ninety thousand Fenians are reported to be drilling for the invasion of Canada in the event of a war between England and Russia. Should such an attempt be made, there is no reason to suppose that it would fizzle out like the escapade of 1866. They now have more money and arms, and will not be likely to repeat former blunders.

—Houghton, Osgood & Co., will publish, soon, Miss Stebbins' "Life of Charlotte Cushman," which can hardly fail to attract a large degree of attention. Miss Cushman was a woman of so positive character, an actress of so commanding power, and she had so large an acquaintance with distinguished people both in England and America, that the story of her life, told by her intimate friend, who has had access to all her papers and journals, will be read with eager interest. The Life will be issued in a single crown octavo volume, which will have a portrait of Miss Cushman from a photograph, a heliotype of Miss Stebbins' bust of her, and a picture of her Newport villa.

—Minister Taylor is thus pleasantly welcomed to his new post by the Berlin correspondent of the London *News*: "The appointment of Mr. Bayard Taylor to be American minister here causes the Germans genuine satisfaction. They regard, and justly regard, the selection of a man who has such a knowledge of the language and the country, and such an intelligent sympathy with the best elements of the national life, as a peculiar compliment, which they are bound and willing to reciprocate. With many members of the republic of letters in Germany Mr. Taylor already has a personal acquaintance, and when he arrives he will find himself introduced in advance to the general reading public. It has become quite the fashion now for the newspapers to fill up their *feuilletons* with translations from his works. One enterprising daily paper, the *Tagblott*, even had two serials of his in progress at once; and I am bound to say that the quality of the paper did not suffer therefrom. Last week the *Gegenwart* had a long biographical sketch of the new Minister. * * Mr. Taylor comes less directly recommended to the great scholars than Mr. Bancroft; less experienced in the routine of diplomatic work than Mr. Bancroft Davis, but he is better known than either of these to the great middle class of Germany, and especially to the younger school of authors and thinkers. From all classes he will receive a hearty welcome, and his mission will doubtless be fruitful in the best results."

STATE SABBATH SCHOOL CONVENTION.

The Fourteenth Annual Convention of the Pennsylvania State Sabbath-school Association, will be held in the Pine street Methodist church, in Williamsport, Pa., opening promptly at 3:30 o'clock, P. M., Tuesday, and continuing throughout Wednesday and Thursday, June 11, 12 and 13, 1878.

A working programme of thoroughly practical questions has been prepared. The questions will be opened by Sabbath-school workers in the State, who enjoy well-merited national reputations, after which ample time will be given for their discussion by the Convention.

This will be a mass convention, and every Sabbath-school, and Sabbath-school organization in the State is entitled to representation, and it is ardently hoped the attendance and enthusiasm, which shall mark this convention, will greatly revive the good work of the association.

The leading railroads throughout the State connecting with and centering at Williamsport have very kindly granted reduced rates of fare, tickets good from June 10 to 12 to start, and good to return until June 18, which will give all who desire, after the adjournment of the convention, an opportunity to extend their trip to Watkin's Glen, oil regions, or other near-by famous resorts.

Williamsport extends a hearty welcome to all friends of the Sabbath-schools throughout the State.

Entertainment and railroad information and orders will be furnished all who notify Rev. Thomas E. Clapp, Williamsport, before June 5th.

Pastors and superintendents of all denominations will please make this announcement to their schools and congregations.

For further information in regard to the programme address Ed. S. Wagoner, State Secretary, Mechanicsburg, Pa.

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

The Republican State Convention was called to order, yesterday, at 10:30 o'clock in the Opera House, Harrisburg, by Chairman Wilson, who counselled order in the convention, so that the business might be quickly dispatched. After the calling of the roll, Mr. Palmer, of Luzerne, nominated for temporary chairman, J. N. Purviance, of Butler; and General Koontz, of Somerset, nominated A. J. Kauffman, of Lancaster. The vote resulted: Purviance, 149: Kauffman, 94. Mr. Purviance, on taking the chair, said that the mission of the Republican party was not yet ended, and would not be until unity and peace had been established in all parts of the country.

On motion of Mr. Magee, of Allegheny, a committee of seven was appointed on contested seats.

Mr. Cessna, of Bedford, made a motion, which was adopted, that a committee of fifty be appointed on the platform, and that all resolutions be referred to the committee without debate. On motion of Mr. Reeder, of Northampton, a committee of fifty was appointed on the permanent organization.

The Hon. John Cessna was chosen chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, and General Howard Reeder, chairman of the Committee on Permanent Organization. Several motions to adjourn temporarily was lost, when the presiding officer decided that no business could be received until the various committees had made their reports. This had the effect of a temporary adjournment, and the Opera House was soon cleared of delegates.

Nearly an hour elapsed when, at 1:30 o'clock, the Committee on Resolutions made its appearance, after which the convention was called to order. The Committee on Organization made a report, which was adopted. Mr. Reeder, chairman of the Committee on Permanent Organization, reported the list of permanent officers of the convention, at the head of which was the name of Mayor Stokley, of Philadelphia. Lucius Roepers, of McLean county, was nominated as secretary, with fifty vice-presidents and as many assistant-secretaries. The report was unanimously adopted.

Mayor Stokley was then conducted to the platform amid great enthusiasm. He thanked the convention for the honor conferred upon him, and urged such conduct on the part of the convention as would insure one of Pennsylvania's old-fashioned Republican majorities.

Mr. Cessna, Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, submitted the platform, stating that the committee had adoped it unanimously. The resolutions protesting against the payment of Rebel claims, in favor of a protective tariff, and eulogistic of Governor Hartranft's administration, were loudly applauded.

Mr. Cessna made a motion that the resolutions be adopted unanimously, which was agreed to without debate.

BALLOTING FOR CANDIDATES.

The Hon. Henry W. Palmer, of Luzerne, nominated for Governor, General Henry M. Hoyt, in a speech in which he eulogized his scholarly and soldierly qualities. He nominated him as the captain who would lead the Republican hosts to victory. He also spoke of his bravery on the field of battle, and of his fine legal attainments. The names of J. P. Wickersham, Henry Rawle, Galusha A. Grow and General James A. Beaver were also placed in nomination. General Hoyt was nominated on the first ballot. The vote was as follows:

Hoyt	161	Wickersham	29
Grow	47	Merrill	1
Beaver	12		

Mr. Rawle's name was withdrawn. The nomination was then made unanimous, amid loud applause.

The Hon James Sterrett and the Hon. Daniel Agnew were then nominated for Supreme Judge. After several speeches eulogistic of the candidates, the vote was taken, and resulted:

Sterrett................154 | Agnew.................92

Charles W. Stone and J. Howard Jacobs were then nominated for Lieutenant Governor. The vote resulted:

Stone...............182 | Jacobs...............59

The nominations for candidates for Secretary of Internal Affairs were then in order, and the names of Robert L. McClellan, of Chester; Aaron K. Dunkel, of Philadelphia; and J. B. Donley, of Green county, were placed before the Convention. The ballot resulted:

Dunkel	113	Donley	31
McClellen	92	No Choice.	

The name of Mr. Donley was withdrawn. On second ballot the vote stood:

Dunkel...............122—McClellen..............106

Mr. Hoyt, the nominee of the convention for Governor, then delivered an address, after which the convention adjourned sine die.

THE PLATFORM.

The Republican party of Pennsylvania, adhering to its historical record and to its principles heretofore often affirmed, declares:

First—That it is uncompromisingly opposed to free trade in whatever disguise presented, unchangingly devoted to home industry, and hereby avows its special and direct hostility to the Tariff Bill now pending in Congress, the same being in the interest of importers and foreign manufacturers, and in opposition to American labor.

Second—That labor being the great source of National wealth, the prosperity of the Nation must depend upon the extent to which labor is protected and employed, and that our Government, being a government of the people, should endeavor to promote by all proper means the commercial and industrial interests of the Nation, that labor and capital may both be profitably employed.

Third—That American commerce should be fostered and home enterprise developed by the National Government, to the end that our manufacturing, mining, agricultural and industrial interest may flourish, our people find employment, and the country be restored to permanent prosperity.

Fourth—That the public lands belong to the people and should be reserved exclusively for actual settlers, so that the industrious poor may be encouraged and aided to enter upon and occupy.

Fifth—That we are now, as ever opposed to the payment of claims from the National Treasury to those lately engaged in or sympathizing with the rebellion. No conqueror should be forced to pay indemnity to the conquered, and the presentation of bills demanding over $300,000,000 at the present session of a Democratic House is a warning to the country of the cost and danger of retaining in power a party whose chief aim is to make reprisals on the taxpayers for losses which the crime of treason brought upon the Southern people.

Sixth—That we view with alarm the growing depression of many of the leading trade interests of the State and country, resulting largely, it is believed, from unfair advantages and discriminating rates of freight and transportation companies of the State and country to a favored few, to the prejudice of our general producing interests, and this convention earnestly recommends the enactment of such laws by the State and National Legislatures as will correct this growing evil.

Seventh—That the Southern Republicans, white and colored, have our earnest sympathy in the unequal contest to which they are subjected for civil liberty and the maintenance of their constitutional privileges; and that, in the interests of their guaranteed rights, we demand from the General Government for them an equal and fair ballot, and that equality before the law which should be the boast of every government.

Eight—Resolved, That the administration of Government Hartranft meets the hearty indorsement and unqualified approval of the party that elected him and continues to honor him. He has proved himself an able magistrate, a true patriot, and a wise officer, and his party tenders him the praise due to personal uprightness, to political devotion, and to official rectitude.

—A well-to-do farmer in Ulster county, New York, who had heard good reports of a widow in Kingston, harnessed up his span of horses and drove to her house one day last week. There he introduced himself, and she, having also heard good reports of him, welcomed him. They went out for a drive, and returned to supper man and wife. They had never seen or communicated with each other before that day.

—Adelaide Neilson is the best business woman on the stage. She buys and sells stocks without being caught, has invested in real estate in various parts of the country, speculated in California mining stocks, and otherwise turned over her money all the time, attending to business herself unassisted.

LOCAL OPTION.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—The history of Local Option in our State is brief, but it is significant.

In the Legislature of 1872 a law was enacted giving the counties the right to vote every three years on the question of granting license to sell intoxicating liquors.

In March, 1873, the first election was held, which resulted in 41 counties, by an aggregate vote of 213, representing a population in said counties of 1,404,603, deciding against license, and 24 counties, which contained the chief cities, for license.

Before this law, which had cost a vast deal of labor and money on the part of its friends, had time to demonstrate its practicability and usefulness, its enemies began to labor for its repeal, and so successful were they that on the 12th of April, 1875, the same legislature, with the sanction of the Governor, annulled it—virtually saying to the 41 counties, you shall continue to groan under the intolerable burden of taxation and wretchedness which the license system of the State entails upon you. A high handed and disreptable exercise of delegated power.

No wonder that at the next election some of those honorable legislators had permission to stay at home, and the Governor himself came near receiving his walking ticket.

But it may be asked how was this ill-timed and absurd repeal effected?

We are told by a member of the legislature, now, it is said, in league with the liquor dealers, that it was effected by the influence of those dealers principally from the two large cities of the State—Philadelphia and Pittsburg. A caucus was held, composed of members of both parties, and under the pretext of enacting a stringent license law, they determined to carry repeal; that law allowed sellers of the "fifth class" to make drunkards for a whole year by paying fifty dollars.

Here is the tearful lament of the Brewers' Association, which met about this time, 1876:

"Very severe is the injury which our Association received in this so-called temperance State. The Local Option law of Pennsylvania reduced the number of brewers in 1873 from 500 to 346 in 1874, thus destroying 154 breweries in one year."

Their craft being in danger, associations were immediately formed to create a fund to aid in defence of their business, and now, that fund is ready whenever local option is up before the legislature.

Any politicians favorable to local option who offer themselves for office, are immediately opposed everywhere by the members of these associations.

But let not the friends of temperance relax their efforts. Local option is our chief hope for the removal of the greatest curse of our State, the license system, and have we not sufficient encouragement to persevere? A bill for restoring local option was reported last year in the House, and lost by a majority of 109 to 69.

This year a similar bill was acted upon, after able speeches for it, and was lost by only *two* majority, while forty-five members had not the courage to vote against it.

A great gain certainly for local option.

Nothing need now be said as the benefits which would result from its establishment throughout the State.

The Hon. Mr. Mann, in an able speech on the subject, when referring to local option, in Potter county, said: "There it stands, a shield to all the youth of the county, against the temptation to form drinking habits. Under its benign influence the number of tipplers is steadily decreasing, and fewer young men begin to drink than when licensed houses gave respectability to the habit. The law was as readily enforced as is the law against gambling, licentiousness, and others of a similar character." P.

New Hope and Vicinity.

Quite a large number of shad were caught at our fisheries during the past week.

Last Sunday being the Missionary occasion of the New Hope M. E. Sunday School, Rev. Amos Johnson the pastor, delivered an address.

The M. E. Church Festival Committee, met at the office of Stockton & Slack, on Wednesday evening, for the purpose of making arrangements for the coming festival. We did not learn the particulars.

At the last monthly meeting of the Eagle Fire Co., of New Hope, a committee was appointed to confer with the Fire Companies of Lambertville, in regard to the proposed Centennial celebration next June. It is to be hoped that they will meet with encouragement.

On last Thursday as several men were taking a large stone into the engine room of the Lambertville Spoke Manufacturing Co., it fell, severely injuring the foot of John Burns, a workman. He has been confined to his house ever since, but is at present slowly improving.

On Tuesday Peter Hoff's team became frightened while standing before his office on Main street, Lambertville, and ran away. Fortunately no one was in the wagon at the time and no damage was done. The runaways were secured a short distance above Lambertville.

The cold weather has affected to a degree the gardens in New Hope.

The front of the Masonic Hall Lambertville, is being painted, which adds greatly to its appearance.

The Lambertville Spoke Manufacturing Company, have placed a new whistle on their factory. It is said to be the largest in the vicinity.

A concert was given in the Thompson Memorial Church of Solebury, by the church singing class, assisted by members of the Orphean Association of Lambertville. The programme was interspersed with readings by Mrs. Laura Swartzlander. There was a good attendance, and the entertainment of an enjoyable character.

Interesting Temperance meetings have been held in Lambertville during the past and present week, under the auspices of the Reform Club. On Friday evening the regular weekly meeting of the club was addressed by Captain Labourne of Philadelphia. There was quite a large attendance. Another meeting was held in Lyceum hall on Sunday afternoon, when Captain Labourne and Mrs. Hawley delivered earnest and stirring addresses. The temperance men notwithstanding their defeat in the spring election, have not become disheartened, but still make a determined fight against whiskey.

Tullytown Notes.

Three converts of the Christian church were baptised in the Delaware river at Cold Spring, on Sunday afternoon last by Rev. Mr. Bourd in the presence of quite a concourse of people.

Tullytown Grammar School was closed three days last week on account of sickness of the teacher.

Having attended the First-day School Union at Upper Dublin, Montgomery Co., we find that much interest is manifested by the friends of that neighborhood. This being the first meeting it was not very large. Reports of several of the First-day schools were read and appropriate remarks made upon each, intervened by essays, readings, &c. These meetings will be of much practical benefit after they become more fully organized and in working order.

Most of the farmers through the Manor are done planting corn and are now improving the appearance of the buildings by a coat of white wash.

Tobacco growers are busily engaged in preparing the soil to set out the plants.

—Thomas Carlyle, in a letter lately published for the first time, and written to Thomas Aird, thus refers to his "French Revolution": "The unspeakable *Book* is fairly to press, thank Heaven. In six weeks more my share of business with it will be over for ever and a day. It will be worth little to most men, to all men; except to me the incalculable worth of *troubling me no more*."

MISCELLANEOUS.

FROM CELIA'S NOTE BOOK.

No endeavor is in vain;
Its reward is in the doing,
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished gain.

The friendship of some people is like our shadow—keeping close while we walk in the sunshine, but deserting us the moment we enter the shade.

It is better to look at the nature of things than to the humors of the hour. The very attempt at pleasing everybody discovers a temper always flashy, and often false and insincere. We may suffer very great detriment by being open to every talker. It is not to be imagined how much of service is lost from spirits full of activity and full of energy, who are pressing, who are rushing forward to great and capital objects, when you oblige them to be continually looking back. Applaud us when we run, console us when we fall, cheer us when we recover, but let us pass on—for God's sake let us pass on.

How small those people seem, and how unmindful of the great business of life, who always have their mouths filled with the light frippery of gossip, and which are ever ready to unpack.

Few of us have abilities to know all the ill we occasion.

This is a good time for early rising. The beauty of the morning invites and refreshens. There is joy in the sweet breath of the newborn day, which is ushered into life and light by the melody of innumerable songsters. How they flit from tree to tree as they warble their daily welcome to the re-appearing sun. The birds have the good habit of retiring early, and they set a wise example by participating in the fresh charms of fragrant morn. Stir yourselves, ye that weave the threads of the night into the fair texture of the day, and feast on the varied delights of the dawning hour. Resolve that you, too, will share with the birds the exhilarating joys of the morning, and thus give a pleasing preface to the duties and cares, the trials and vexations of the day.

A delicate child, pale and prematurely wise, was complaining on a hot morning that the poor dew-drops had been too hastily snatched away and not allowed to glitter on the flowers like other happier dew-drops that live the whole night through, and sparkle in the moonlight and through the morning onwards to noonday. "The sun," said the child," has chased them away with his heat, or swallowed them in his wrath." Soon after, came rain and a rainbow; whereupon his father pointed upwards—"See," said he, "there stand thy dew-drops gloriously re set, a glittering jewellery, in the heavens; and the clownish foot tramples on them no more. By this, my child, thou art taught that what withers upon earth blooms again in heaven." Thus the father spoke, and knew not that he spoke pre-figuring words; for soon after the delicate child, with the morning brightness of his early wisdom, was exhaled, like a dew-drop, into heaven.

Every family should have a dog; it is like having a perpetual baby; it is the plaything and crony of the whole house. It keeps them all young. A dog tells no tales, betrays no secrets, never sulks, asks no troublesome questions, never gets into debt, never coming down late for breakfast, or coming in through his Chubb too early to bed—is always ready for a bit of fun, lies in wait for it, and you may, if choleric, to your relief, kick him instead of some one else, who would not take it so meekly, and, moreover, would certainly not, as he does, ask your pardon for being kicked.

There is in every animal's eye a dim image and gleam of humanity, a flash of strange light through which their life looks out and up to our great mystery of command over them, and claims the fellowship of the creature if not of the soul.

You will commit the fewest faults in judging, if you are faultless in your own life.

When thou art near me,
Sorrow seems to fly,
And then I think, as well I may,
That on this earth there is no one
More blest than I.

But when thou leav'st me,
Doubts and fears arise,
And darkness reigns,
Where all before was light,
The sunshine of my soul
Is in those eyes,
And when they leave me
All the world is night.

Thales, being asked what was the most universal possession, answered, "Hope; for they have it who have nothing else."

Why is it that the most fervent love becomes more fervent by brief interruption and reconciliations? and why must a storm agitate our affections before they can raise the highest rainbow of peace? Ah! for this reason is is—because all passions feel their object to be as eternal as themselves, and no love can admit the feeling that the beloved object should die. And under this feeling of imperishableness it is that we hard fields of ice shock together so harshly, whilst all the while under the sunbeams of a little space of seventy years we are rapidly dissolving.

Some people have a great fondness for commenting upon their friends and acquaintances, and their comments are not always charitable or just. It is a good rule to say nothing that you would be ashamed of if repeated.

Death the divider, the unmerciful,
That digs his pitfalls under Love and Youth,
And covers beauty up in the cold ground.

Ah, that rational man who thinks to advise us in sorrow,
Knows not how little of power his cold words have in relieving
Ever a heart from that woe which a sovereign fate has inflicted.

Kindness in ourselves is the honey that blunts the sting of unkindness in another.

Point Pleasant Items.

During the recent raise in the river, five rafts ran upon the dam at Bulls Island, and all of them were more or less damaged. A few days later a large raft ran against one of the piers of the bridge and went to pieces. The most of the lumber was recovered and re-rafted at the eddy.

Reuben Nash of Plumstead, was thrown from his horse one day last week, and had the wrist of his right arm severely sprained.

Wm. Benner has moved from the house of Ralph Stover, to that of Isaiah Quinby, but will still work at blacksmithing at the shop of Andrew Swartz.

On Thursday evening May 9th, Rev. E. C. Romine, of the Fiftieth Baptist Church of Philadelphia, gave a free concert of sacred music in the church. Among the pieces he played and sung were "Are You Ready," "Send Me," and "Prodigal Child."

Last Monday morning, the mail train on the Belvidere road, struck a heifer belonging to Asa Kugler, and injured it so severely that it had to be killed.

Tuesday evening Edward Ettell of Philadelphia, gave a Scioptican entertainment at the school house. The paintings were shown upon a large canvass, and the exhibition was divided into three parts, viz: Part 1st, "Scripture Illustrations;" Part 2nd, Miscellaneous and humorous views; and Part 3rd, "Ten Nights in a Bar-room." Mr. Ettell has over one hundred pictures in his collection, and the exhibition is well worth the small admission fee charged.

—It should be remembered that married women have not been given the right to contract debts by the act of 1872, nor has that act affected their right to refuse to pay debts they contracted, unless they are feme sole traders. These points should be noted by all who are invited to go into business transactions with married women on the faith of the act of 1872, and especially by those who are advocates for the legal equality of the sexes.

THE ROD AND THE GUN.

Matters Original and Compiled Relating to Shooting, Fishing, Natural History, and the Protection of Fish and Game.

Sunday-fishing, bear in mind, is punished in this State by a fine of $25 and cost.

Governor McClellan has appointed Hamilton Hill Fish Warden for Burlington, N. J.

Professor Baird expects to have a lot of young carp to distribute this fall from the ponds at Washington.

In the editorial notice of "Dog Paths to Success," last week, the types said that the work was prepared by Land Snipe. Who ever heard of a land snipe? We wrote that it was prefaced by 'Sand Snipe,' that being the nom de plume of a very intelligent Southern gentleman.

DANGER FROM CATS.—A writer in the *Lancet* states that it is a mistake to suppose that there is no danger in the bite or scratch of one of these animals. There have been abundant and melancholy proofs of the peril of contracting hydrophobia from cats; and the danger is scarcely less than that which attends an injury inflicted by a dog.

A Wick (English) fishing boat landed a fine conditioned halibut, weighing 187 pounds, measuring 6 feet 8 inches in length, and about the same in girth. On opening the fish its stomach was found to contain a fine salmon in very good condition, and which weighed 20 pounds. The fisherman remarked that it was no wonder the halibut looked so well, seeing the dinners he indulged in.

The West-Jersey Game Association is importing partridges from Messina, and it is believed that they will thrive here quite as well as they do in Italy. This variety of the bird is smaller than ours and never congregates in coveys and is consequently less liable to fall a victim to hawks and the predatory animals, such as the weasel, mink, and even the fox which thus makes many satisfactory meals.

An English paper says: Lobsters are so stupid that when they are left on dry land by a receding tide they have not sufficient instinct to crawl back into the water, but always wait for the return of the tide. Several lobsters were thrown a few feet above the sea by a landslide in England, and although the water came within five feet of their noses, they remained waiting for the water to come to them until they died.

Relative to the very stupid alarm about the trichinæ in shad, a correspondent of the *Forest and Stream* says:—"Many of our fishes are infested with pin-worms. The late Prof. C. F. Hart told me that, while studying with Prof. Agassiz, he discovered that the flesh of the cod fish was invariably "alive" with parasites, to a greater degree, in fact, than that of any other fish.

Our Jim read in a work on fishing that *Lumbricus terrestris* was the best thing to allure *Moxostoma macrolepidotum*, and has been looking the matter up for three days, he just came in with an armful of books which he threw down, exclaiming, "all that amounts to is, than an angle worm is the best bait for suckers," and wiping the blood from the thumb from which the fish hook was cut, he deliberately threw his tackle out of the widow, and picking up a copy of "Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy," read that "many a fair flower is burdened with preposterous appelatives."

Prof. A. Agassiz has returned from his cruise in the Gulf of Mexico, and in spite of bad weather and the grounding of the Blake, he has done fully as much as anticipated. He made use of steel rope for dredging, only 1½ inch circumference, not 1 1-16 inch in diameter as has been reported. This steel rope came up fully to his expectations, and he is of opinion that hemp rope is not likely to be again used for deep-sea work by any one who has no time to spare. Prof. Agassiz is preparing a preliminary report to the superintendent of the coast survey of his trip.

A GARDENER BIRD.—Under this title the *Gardener's Chronicle* gives a description, with illustrative woodcuts from original sketches drawn on the spot by Signor Beccari, of a bird which is not only an expert architect—building a nest like the bower bird of Australia—but also a gardener, laying out a garden in front of it. The bird is a native of New Guinea, and makes its nest of the stems of an orchid. In front of the nest a dressed lawn of moss is formed, on which the attentive male places, day by day, for the delectation of his mate, flowers and fruits of bright colors and pleasing flavor. The orchid, which belongs to a hitherto unknown species, has been described in full by Professor Reichenbach.

DREAMING OF PLANTS.—Dr. Francis Darwin, in his recent paper on the analogy between plant and animal life, says:

"There is one, but only a fanciful resemblance between the sleeping of plants and animals, namely, that both have the power of dreaming. I have been sitting quietly in the hothouse at night waiting to make an observation at a given hour, when suddenly the leaf of a sensitive plant has been seen to drop rapidly to its fullest extent and slowly rise to its old position. Now in this action the plant is behaving exactly as if it had been touched on its sensitive joint; thus some internal process produces the same impression on the plant as a real external stimulus. In the same way a dog dreaming by the fire will yelp and move his legs as if he were hunting a real instead of an imaginary rabbit."

Combativeness of Birds.

By a fiction of the poets, birds all sing praise, if they sing at all, to the great Creator. Of course, this sounds well, and may have some moral foundation; but I can come as near proving that a catbird curses and swears, and flings out all sorts abusive epithets at its enemies, when angry, as any one can come to establishing the song praise theory. How these little fellows can fret, and scold, and hiss, and imprecate—yes, imprecate! Let a sparrow-hawk, or screech-owl, or butcher-bird, go near one's nest, and, if you observe closely, your imagination must be very torpid, indeed, if you cannot hear *sacreblue!*" and all that scattered around pretty freely. I have seen one fairly dance in ecstacy of anger when nothing but a poor, little brown lizard came near it. A pair of catbirds had their nest and young in a currant-hedge of the garden belonging to a farm-house where I was lodging one Spring, and I used to amuse myself by exciting the anger of the mother bird. To do this I had only to hang a bit of red cloth near the nest in her absence, and await the result. No sooner would she return than such a twittering, and squeaking, and scolding, would begin as only a catbird could generate, and when she found out that there was "no fight" in the rag, she would eye me sitting at my window, and mew triumphantly, as if she well knew who it was had thus troubled her equanimity. A war of words—or rather a war of notes—is a thing of frequent occurrence between the catbird and the common brown thrush. Early in the morning through the month of May they may be heard screaming their respective medleys at the extreme pitch of their voices from neighboring trees, each songster maliciously bent on drowning the others' voice. The common barn-yard cock is given to a like ambition in the matter of "crowing down" all competitors. Speaking of the brown thrush reminds me that I ought to record right here a very singular combat, witnessed by myself and brother between one of these gay singers and a blue jay (what bird is not compelled to fight the latter?) and in which the jay was finally discomfited and beaten. We were lying in the shade of a wide-spreading wild plum tree on the edge of a little glade. Near us was a clump of sugar haw bushes, in one of which we had discovered a brown thrush's nest. The bird was incubating. A blue jay, flitting about on mischief intent, as in fact a blue jay always is, happened to spy her, and immediately attacked her, driving her for refuge into the thick, thorny foilage above the nest. This seemed an easy turn for the jay, which at once prepared to have a feast of the eggs. But no sooner had it perched on the rim of the nest than the thrush, with a savage squall, plunged down from its hiding place, and struck it a heavy blow in the back. The jay retreated in disorder, but warily returned again when all seemed still. With infinite caution in every movement, it hopped from twig to twig, turning its crested head this way and that till it reached the nest. Again with a shrill scream the thrush pounced from its hiding place, using its long, sharp beak for a sword to stab the jay's exposed and defenceless back. Again and again the would be robber fled and returned, each time to get rougher usage; and, finally, as if utterly outdone, with rapidly-repeated cries of "De-jay! de-jay!" it flitted away into the depths of the woods to come no more.—*Appleton's Journal.*

Some feelings are untranslatable; no language has yet been found for them. They gleam upon us beautifully through the dim twilight of fancy, and yet when we bring them close to us, and hold them up to the light of reason, lose their beauty all at once, as glow-worms which gleam with such a spiritual light in the shadows of evening, when brought where the candles are lighted, are found to be worms like so many others.—*Longfellow.*

☞ Baby shows are the fashion now, but as long as mothers continue to nurse their little ones with laudanum or other opiates, they cannot expect their babies to look bright. If your baby needs medicine get a good and harmless one such as Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. 25 cents a bottle.

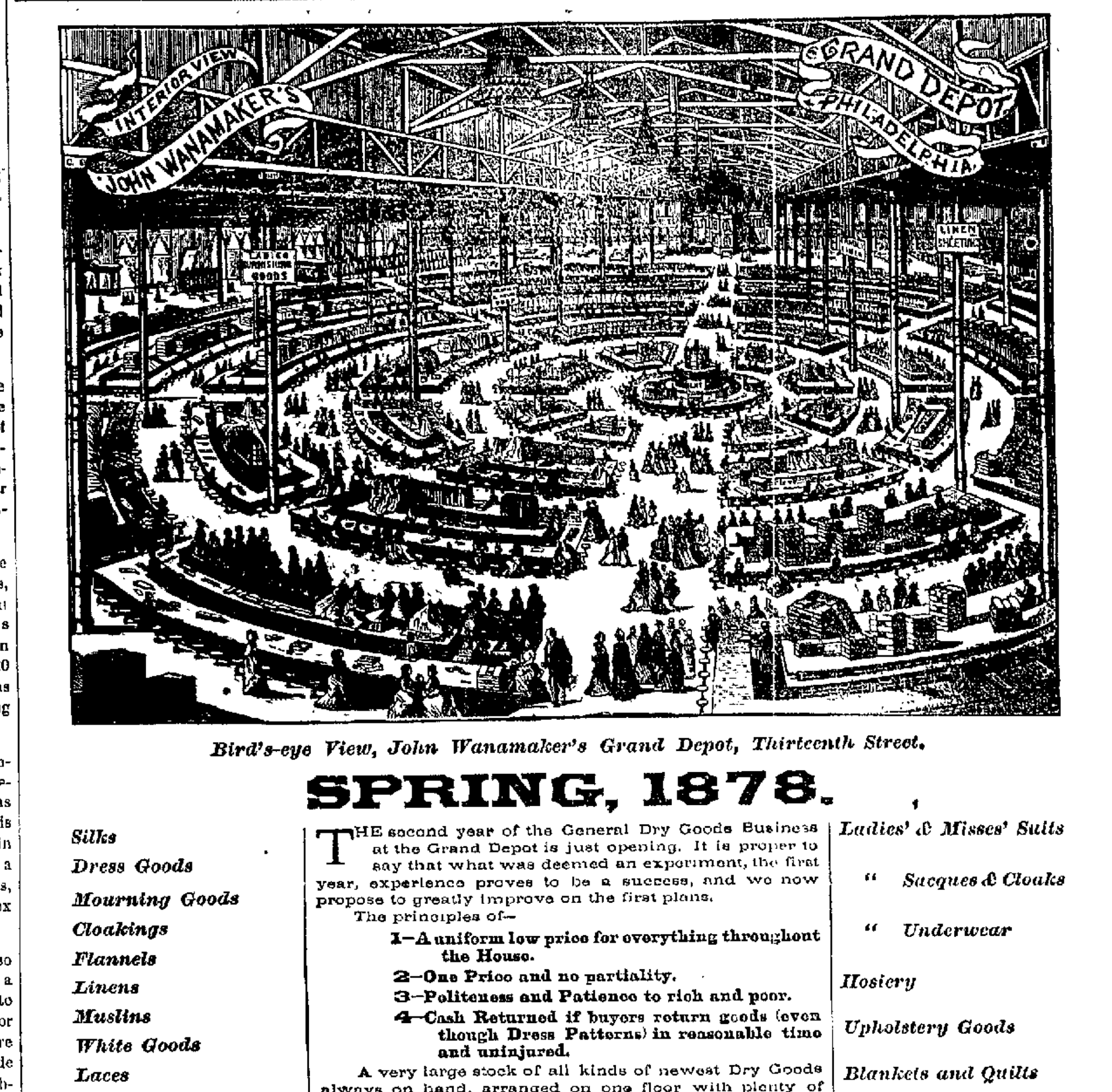
☞ A WISE DEACON.—"Deacon Wilder, I want you to tell me how you kept yourself and family so well the past season, when all the rest of us have been sick so much, and have had the doctors running to us so long."

"Bro. Taylor, the answer is very easy. I used Hop Bitters in time, and kept my family well and saved large doctor bills. Three dollars' worth of it kept us all well and able to work all the time, and I will warrant it has cost you and most of the neighbors one to two hundred dollars apiece to keep sick the same time. I guess you'l take my medecine hereafter." See other column.

☞ Dobbins' starch polish, which gives that brilliant polish peculiar to fine laundry work is for sale in Bristol, at J. Wesley Wright's store. It costs but little to try it.

☞ CATARRH.—Doctor Taylor's Fumigator is a certain and radical cure for Catarrh, soothing and healing. Price 25 cents. Large boxes $1.00. Sold by druggists. Send stamp for circular and sample, Dr. Taylor, 13, Seventh Avenue, New York.

Miscellaneous.



Bird's-eye View, John Wanamaker's Grand Depot, Thirteenth Street.

SPRING, 1878.

Silks
Dress Goods
Mourning Goods
Cloakings
Flannels
Linens
Muslins
White Goods
Laces
Ribbons
Trimmings
Embroideries
Fringes
Zephyrs and Worsteds
Neckwear
Gloves
Toilet Articles
Stationery
Flowers & Feathers

THE second year of the General Dry Goods Business at the Grand Depot is just opening. It is proper to say that what was deemed an experiment, the first year, experience proves to be a success, and we now propose to greatly improve on the first plans.

The principles of—

1—A uniform low price for everything throughout the House.
2—One Price and no partiality.
3—Politeness and Patience to rich and poor.
4—Cash Returned if buyers return goods (even though Dress Patterns) in reasonable time and uninjured.

A very large stock of all kinds of newest Dry Goods always on hand, arranged on one floor with plenty of light to see them. A thousand people can easily be waited on at one time. Where so many goods are selling every day the people are sure of getting only fresh goods. Earnestly desiring to serve the people well, and inviting them to visit the Grand Depot whether they wish to buy, or "only to see the fashions."

☞ If not coming to the city to see the magnificent new stock for Spring, send for samples, describing class of goods wanted. We do a large business through the mail.

Very respectfully,

JOHN WANAMAKER,
Grand Depot. **Thirteenth and Market Sts.**
PHILADELPHIA.

Ladies' & Misses' Suits
" Sacques & Cloaks
" Underwear
Hosiery
Upholstery Goods
Blankets and Quilts
Trunks and Valises
Rubber Goods
Horse Covers
Men's & Boys' Clothing
Hats
Shoes

Special Notices.

USE

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POROUS

PLASTERS.

S. W. Corner Mill and Cedar Sts.,

BRISTOL, PA.

Hemorrhoids or Piles

Dr. Martin, 1107 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. A permanent cure without knife, ligature or caustic; no charge until cured. Consultations free. Send for a circular containing references. 859

DR. THOMAS,
COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION.
NITROUS OXIDE GAS.

DR. THOMAS makes a specialty of extracting teeth absolutely without pain by the aid of Nitrous Oxide. Over 63,000 persons have successfully inhaled the gas at his office

912 Walnut Street, (South Side),
Philadelphia

W. H. RHODES,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
NO. 1800 FRANKFORD AVE.,
Corner Montgomery Avenue,
And 1316 Girard Ave., below Broad St.,
PHILADELPHIA.

I HAVE lately introduced a number of new and artistic styles of Pictures, to which I call your attention.

LARGE PHOTOGRAPHS

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Established and in successful operation since 1860. 628

SPECIAL NOVELTIES
IN
House-Furnishing
MATERIALS,
The Best Productions of
MODERN INDUSTRIAL ART.

EVERY article used in fitting up an apartment or dwelling house. CURTAINS. CURTAIN HANGINGS, FURNITURE COVERINGS, EASTLAKE, QUEEN ANNE AND JACOBEAN FURNITURE, including the selections of Carpets and Paper Hangings.

Friends, Customers, Strangers visiting the city and the public generally, are cordially invited to call and examine the large and varied stock and the very reasonable price at which it is offered.

WALRAVEN,
1105 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA. 31

FURNITURE,
CARPETS,
OIL CLOTHS AND WINDOW SHADES.
GEORGE D. SMITH,
No. 621 & 623 N. Second St., Philadelphia.
(Established in 1843.)

HAS now the most complete systematized establishment in the city, offers the largest and best selected FURNITURE to be found anywhere, from the finest Plush and Silk Damask, and Hair Cloth Parlor Suits, and Walnut Chamber Suits, down to the humble Cottage Suits, determined to suit all classes at one price, and at the lowest bottom, for one month to come. Also has added a full line of Carpets, Oil Cloths and Window Shades, lower than elsewhere. No misrepresentation in any case. 176

FREEMAN & MILLER,
Furniture and Bedding,
45 North Second Street, Philadelphia,

WILL sell, until further notice, goods at such prices as cannot but INSURE their certain sale. Especially would we call attention to a large line of very superior and handsome

PARLOR and CHAMBER FURNITURE, gotten up for our BEST CUSTOM, which we are offering at SPECIAL BARGAINS to close them out, if possible, in the NEXT NINETY DAYS. Do not fail to call and see us, and judge for yourselves. 188

Globe Horse and Carriage Bazaar,
Tenth and Montgomery Avenue, Philadelphia.
SERRILL & SHOEMAKER, Proprietors.

AUCTION SALES OF HORSES, CARRIAGES AND HARNESS, EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY, at 10 o'clock A. M., [on and after Tuesday, March 12th.] Private sales every day. Consignments solicited and liberal advances made. Good Stabling for 130 horses, and storage room for 500 carriages. 161

WUNDER'S
OYSTER BAY,
S. W. Corner Second and Church Streets
86 PHILADELPHIA.

JOSEPH W. THOMPSON,
HATS, CAPS
AND
STRAW GOODS,
No. 1209 North Second Street,
East Side, Four doors above Girard Ave.,
PHILADELPHIA.
A full assortment of Umbrellas. 27

EDUCATION.

THE REV. DR. DRUMM (formerly Rector of St. James Church), being unable at present to engage in parochial work, wishes to get a few private pupils to prepare for college, or for professional or commercial life. **Instruction given in Greek, Latin, Mathematics, Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, Mental Philosophy, History, English Literature, &c.** For particulars apply to advertiser in person, or by letter to Box 75, Post Office, Bristol, Pa. 195

Notice.

AS I have been compelled to vacate the premises No. 28 Mill Street, which I have occupied as a BAKERY, I have secured the premises on MILL STREET, opposite A. L. Packer's Flour and Feed Store, where I intend carrying on the Baking business. Thanking the public kindly for their past patronage, I hope by proper attention to business to receive a continuance of the same.

Yours respectfully, **A. K. HOFF.**

N. B.—All orders received at the store, or by the carriers, or through the mail, will be promptly attended to. 190

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD,
Bread, Pie and Fancy Cake
BAKER,
Foot of Bath Street, near Canal Bridge,
BRISTOL, PA.

BALLS, Parties, Fairs and Festivals, furnished with ICE CREAM and FANCY CAKES at short notice and on reasonable terms. WEDDING CAKES baked and iced to order. 981

Pennsylvania Railroad.
NEW YORK DIVISION.

On and after November 12, 1877,

Trains to and from Bristol Station

For Philadelphia.

Kensington Depot, 7:13, 7:40, 8:20, 9:39 A. M. 12:26, 4:11, 7:21, and 9:17, P. M. West Phila. Depot, 6:25, 10:33 A. M., and 1:25, 3:09, and 9:38 P. M. On Sundays, Kensington Depot, 12:26 and 5:27 P. M. West Phila. Depot, at 9:38 P. M.

For New York.

At 1:16, 8:11, 9:21, and 11:16 A. M., 2:44, 6:21, and 7:44 P. M. Sunday trains 9:21 A. M., and 8:17 P. M.

For Trenton.

At 7:58, 9:21, 11:09, and 11:47 A. M., 2:44, 2:59, 4:31, 5:11, 6:12, 6:21, 7:05, 7:44, and 9:06 P. M. On Sundays, 9:21 9:53, A. M. and 2:59, 8:17, P. M.

☞ The 7.58, 11.09, 11.47, A. M., 2.59, 4.31, and 6.12 P. M. trains connect with Belvidere Division

From Trenton.

At 6:40, 7:10, 8:00, 8:15, and 10:14 A. M., 12:00 M. 1:05, 2:50, 3:15, 6:55, and 9:14 P. M. On Sundays, 12:00 noon, and 9:24 P. M.

From Philadelphia.

Leaves Kensington Depot, at 7:12, and 10:15 A. M. 2:15, 4:00, 4:30, 5:30, 6:15, and 8:20 P. M. West Philadelphia Depot, at 8:30 and 11:00 A. M., and 2:00, 5:30 and 7:00 P. M. and 12:00 night.

From New York.

At 8:15, and 10:55 A. M., 12:55, 3:55, and 6:55 P. M.

From Philadelphia, Westward.

Trains leave West Philadelphia for Harrisburg, Pittsburg and the West, at 8:00, A. M., and 12.55 9.15, P. M., daily, except Sunday, and 7.20, 9.10 A. M. 11.55, P. M., daily.

For Harrisburg, Williamsport, the Oil Regions and Erie, at 12.55 and and 11.55, P. M.

For Harrisburg, Elmira, Canandaigua, Niagara Falls, &c., at 7.20, A. M.

A Through Passenger Train, especially for partie moving westward, leaves Philadelphia at 12 05 A.M., daily, except Monday. For passage by this train, application should be made to Francis Funk, Agent, 116 Market Street, Philadelphia, where first-class and emigrant tickets can be obtained.

For further information see time tables, which can be obtained at the ticket office.

F. THOMSON, Gen. Manager, D. M. BOYD, Jr. Gen. Pass. Agent.
G. W. BARKER, Supt. N. Y. Division.
F. W. JACKSON,
60 Gen. Supt. P. R. R. of N. J. Division.

The Steamboat
NELLY WHITE

AFTER having been thoroughly refitted and handsomely painted has resumed her trips between Bordentown and Philadelphia, stopping at the following places:

Leaves Bordentown at 7 o'clock A. M., White Hill, 7.10, Penn's Manor, 7.20; Florence, 7.35; Hazards, 7.50, Bristol, 8.05, Burlington, 8.15; Beverly, 8.20. Returning, leave Philadelphia, pier 8, above Arch street, at 3.30 P. M.

N. B.—On and after April 1st, the NELLY WHITE will leave Arch Street Wharf, Philadelphia,—she will also stop at Tullytown on completion of the wharf at that place. 177

Trips Resumed.

THE STEAMBOAT
COLUMBIA,

ON and after Thursday, April 4th, the Steamboat Columbia, will leave Bristol for Philadelphia, at 7.15 A. M. and 1 P. M. touching at Burlington, Beverly, Riverton, Torresdale and Andalusia. Returning, leaves Philadelphia at 2 and 5.45 P. M. Fare, 25c. each way. Excursion 40c. 166

THE STEAMBOAT
TWILIGHT

LEAVES CHESTNUT STREET WHARF, Philadelphia, at 12 M., for Burlington, Bristol and Florence, stopping at Tacony, Riverton, House of Correction, Torresdale, Delanco, Andalusia, and Beverly. Returning, leave Florence at 3 o'clock P. M. and Bristol at 3½ o'clock, stopping at all the above Landings each way. 165

Trips Resumed to Trenton.

THE STEAMER
Edwin Forrest

Will leave Arch street wharf, Philadelphia, touching at Tacony, Torresdale, Beverly, Burlington, Bristol, Florence, Penn's Manor, White Hill and Trenton.

Leave Arch st. wharf.			Leave South Trenton.		
Thursday,	16,	10½ A. M.	Thursday,	16,	2½ P. M.
Friday,	17,	11½ A. M.	Friday,	17,	3½ P. M.
Saturday,	18,	12½ P. M.	Saturday,	18,	4½ P. M.
Monday,	20,	1½ P. M.	Monday,	20,	6½ P. M.
Tuesday,	21,	2½ P. M.	Tuesday,	21,	6½ P. M.
Wednesday,	22,	2½ P. M.	Wedn'day,	22,	6½ P. M.
Thursday,	23,	6½ A. M.	Thursday,	23,	10 A. M.

Leaves Bristol about one hour and a half after leaving Philadelphia or Trenton.

Fare, Philad'a to Trenton, 40cts. Excursion, 60 cts. All other places, 25 cts. Excursion, 40 cts. 176

ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN,
Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

THE WONDERFUL CHIMPANZEES, ELEPHANTS, LIONS, Tigers, Giraffes, Sea Lions, Grizzly and Polar Bears, Monkeys, &c., &c. Largest collection of Living Wild Beasts, Birds and Reptiles on the Continent.

OPEN EVERY DAY.

Excursionists need not carry lunch. A commodious and *cheap* restaurant is on the ground.

Admission—Adults, 25c. Children, 10c. 211

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8 Card Photographs for..........................50 Cts.
4 Fine Card Photographs for....................50 "
6 " " " "......................$1.00
6 Finely Finished Photographs for...........1.50

Life size Pictures Colored in Water Colors, or Indian Ink.

All work warranted to give satisfaction. 10

Beautiful Artificial Teeth, from $5 to $8 per Set, guaranteed to fit and cut perfect. Impression in the morning, teeth in the afternoon. Painless extraction with gas, 50 cents per tooth. Teeth extracted *free* when others are inserted. Old sets repaired equal to new. Filling with Gold or Amalgam. COLLEGE, 514 PINE Street, Philadelphia, Pa. (Please clip this out.) 160

CARPETS
Washed and Scoured
INGRAIN CARPETS, 5 cents per yard.
BRUSSELS CARPETS, 6 cents per yard.
AT
Livingston Mills,
BRISTOL, PA. 402

MUSIC!

FOR BALLS, PARTIES, PIC-NICS, FESTIVALS, &c. Call on or address
JAMES SEDDON,
BROAD AND VINE STS., PHILADA
Residence, 309 North 15th street, above Vine.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

Bucks County Gazette:

Thursday, May 16, 1878.

The GAZETTE *has the largest circulation, with a single exception, of any weekly newspaper published in Bucks County.*

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

PHILADELPHIA.—Arrives 8.00, A. M., 3.60, 5.00 and 8.00 P. M. Closes 5.45 and 9.30, A. M., 3.30, 5.30 and 7.30 P. M.

NEW YORK.—Arrives 7.00 and 11.00 A. M., and 6.30 P. M. Closes 7.45 and 10.45 A. M., 3.30, 5.30 and 7.30 P. M.

NEW YORK WAY MAILS—Close at 7.45, A. M. and 3.30 P. M.

TRENTON.—Arrives 7.00 and 11.00 A. M., 5.00 and 6.30 P. M. Closes 7.15, 7.45 and 10.45 A. M., and 3.30 P. M.

TULLYTOWN, PENN VALLEY AND OFFICES ON THE BELVIDERE DELAWARE R. R.—Arrive at 5.00 P. M., and close at 7.15 A. M.

MORRISVILLE.—Arrives at 11.00 A. M., and 5.00 and 6.30 P. M.

DOYLESTOWN AND DOLINGTON.—Arrive at 10.00 A. M., and close at 10.45 A. M.

Mails for the South and West go by every Philadelphia mail.

Letters not called for are advertised every Thursday in the BUCKS COUNTY GAZETTE.

Office hours from 7.00 A. M., to 8.30 P. M.

W. H. BAKER, Postmaster.

SORTS.

—The next meeting of the borough Council will be in the second story of Washington Hall.

—There will be a strawberry festival in the Bristol Baptist Church on the 30th and 31st of this month.

—The Rev. Dr. Knox, left yesterday evening to attend the General Assembly, now in session at Pittsburgh.

—A strawberry festival is contemplated being given by the managers of the Bristol Library, upon the 24th and 25th of this month.

—The Rev. Tyron Edwards, D. D., of Philadelphia, will occupy the pulpit of the Presbyterian church next Sabbath morning and evening.

—The funeral of Cora Groom, yesterday, was largely attended by the friends and relatives of the deceased. The remains were interred in the Somerton Cemetery.

—Some young men who desire to be considered respectable, were discovered stealing flower plants one day last week, from the lawns of one of our citizens.

—The Bristol Amateur Orchestra Concert to be given next Thursday evening, at Washington Hall, will be an attractive one, and should be attended by all who are fond of good music.

—Deputy Sheriff Closson levied upon the property of the Pennsylvania Railroad yesterday under an execution issued upon the judgment obtained against the Company, a short time since, by Anthony Bock, for killing his son. The amount of the judgment is $2,175. The goods levied upon consisted of the tickets, furniture and cars that were found at the station at Bristol.

—We have heard it mentioned that B. F. Gilkeson, Esq., was not a Congressional candidate. We can state that we have it from the highest authority that Mr. Gilkeson will permit his name to come before the convention to be held on the 1st of August at Doylestown. We have long known that personally Mr. Gilkeson did not desire to be a candidate at this time, but he now only permits the use of his name after persistent solicitations upon the part of many friends all over the district.

Soon after the close of the war certain of the Union survivors established a semi-military order for the purpose of preserving those kind and fraternal feelings which bound together the soldiers, sailors, and marines who were engaged in the suppression of the rebellion.

An additional object of the order is to assist comrades, to extend aid to the widow and orphan, and to perpetuate the memory and history of the patriot dead. To this especial end the Grand Army of the Republic has designated the 30th of May a Memorial Day, and for ten years past all grave-yards and cemeteries where Union soldiers are buried have been on that day the scene of impressive ceremonies.

This year a more general observance of the day will be the order in Bristol, the Army Post having assumed the greater responsibilities of the occasion. It is anticipated one hundred old soldiers will turn out under the escort of the three fire companies. The Sunday school children having heretofore placed the flowers upon the graves are invited to unite with the Post and assume the duties of decoration.

In Burlington the old soldiers will be escorted by Co. A, 6th Regt, N. J. N. G., and their guests Co. A, 1st Regt., Pa. N. G. Across the river a great deal of interest is manifested in the perfection of arrangements, the citizens having subscribed very liberally that the expenses devolving upon the veterans may be lessened. We trust our townspeople may be equally generous as the expenses of the decoration of the graves of the patriot dead should in no wise fall alone upon the members of the Army Post; they of necessity have to give their time and can hardly be asked as well to meet the bills attendant upon ceremonies in which all are equally interested.

Washington Hall was pretty well crowded on Friday evening, on the occasion of the second Library concert, and promptly at eight o'clock the members of the Glee Club and Orchestra of the University of Pennsylvania, who kindly consented to come up and give the Library the benefit of their services, were on hand ready to begin the exercises. "Come Away, Come Away," a chorus, was the first piece, and was sung very nicely, and was followed by a college song,

" There was a man so wondrous wise,
He jumped into a bramble bush, and scratched out both his eyes,"

which was sung to the old church tune Antioch, and was quite amusing, and being encored, was responded to with another college song, of a similar character; Mr. Oliver Hopkinson, Jr., then gave a violoncello solo, " Don Juan," which was played splendidly, and so much appreciated that he was recalled, and gave a selection from " Martha " with marked effect; " Spring Evening," a chorus, was sung admirably, and was followed by four more college songs, two of which were encores, each being extremely mirth-provoking. After a short intermission, a bright and cheery selection, " Singer's March," a chorus, was sung with much spirit and expression, and being received with strong evidence of commendation, another chorus was given in response; " Old Noah " followed, and as it was a college song, it was encored, as all the other college songs were, and then came a violin solo, by George Junkin, Jr., who was recalled, and played a selection of a very pleasing character which was appreciatively applauded, a chorus, " Night Song," by Abt, was elegantly sung, the crescendo portions being given with fine expression. By request, Mr. Hopkinson favored the audience with another violoncello solo, after which " Yah Yah " and two other college songs were sung, and in conclusion, Mendelssohn's well known chorus, " Waken Lords and Ladies Gay," was given with excellent effect. Rev. Dr. Knox, on behalf of the Library, thanked the singers, and after the audience had retired they were escorted to Blackwood's ice cream saloon, where something more substantial than music—an inviting lunch, spread in Blackwood's best style—was awaiting them, and after doing entire justice to the task set before them, returned home in the 10:40 train, expressing themselves very much pleased with their visit. Thus ended the second of the Library entertainments, which, like the first, was successful in every respect, and highly gratifying to the managers and all concerned.

AS YOU HAPPEN TO LOOK AT IT.—A saloon keeper of this town, while bewailing to a friend the bad state of his business, looked towards a new spire creeping heavenward, and with a wave of his hand said, 'Them's the d——d things that's ruinin' the country.—*Indianapolis News*.

Council Proceedings.

The regular meeting of Council was held last Monday evening, at which all the members were present except S. S. Rue. The minutes of the preceding meeting were read and approved.

The Street Committee reported that Samuel Swain had given a release of the ground covered by Pine street, and presented the release to Council, which was accepted, and an ordinance was directed to be framed declaring Pine street to be a public highway. The Street Committee also reported concerning the draining off the body of water known as John's pond, and Civil Engineer Van Harlingen who was present explained to the members of Council the different methods by which the pond might be drained. On motion, the Burgess was requested to call a meeting of Council together at that place, to take action on the matter as soon as the Surveyor had definitely ascertained the grade of Pond street.

The Finance Committee offered the following report, fixing the tax rate for the ensuing year.

BRISTOL, May 13, 1878.

To the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol:

The Finance Committee having carefully considered the subject of the tax rate for the year ending March, 1879, respectfully recommend that the rate of 75 cents per $100 valuation be assessed for Borough purposes for this year.

This assessment is estimated to yield a net amount of $6,497 after the usual expense of collection, remits, and allowances are made. To this must be added receipts for Rents, &c., $200, or a total amount of $6,697, which would seem to be sufficient for the immediate needs of the Borough.

The Committee also recommend that the following appropriations be made out of income so raised.

Interest on Borough Bonds		$435 00
Salaries—To Constable	$400 00	
" Night Police	520 00	
" Clerk	100 00	
" Treasurer	25 00	
" Counsellor	25 00	
" For care of Clock,	20 00	1,090 00
For Street Lamps		1,300 00
" Repairs to Streets—including the Drainage of Pond street, and placing of crossings		1,500 00
" Relief of Poor		200 00
" Physicians—for attendance on poor		100 00
" the Fire Department		450 00
" Surveying		300 00
" Printing		100 00
" Tax by the Commonwealth		22 00
A total of		$5,497 00

which will leave a surplus or contingent fund of $1,200 for such expenditures as may become necessary during the year. All of which is respectfully submitted by unanimous order of the Committee.

CHAS. E. SCHEIDE, Chairman.

On motion the report was unanimously accepted.

The same committee to whom was referred the matter of finding a more suitable place of meeting, made the following report:

BRISTOL, MAY 13th, 1878.

To the Burgess and Council of Bristol Borough:

The Finance Committee to whom was referred the matter of a place of meeting, respectfully report, that the present place of meeting of council by reason of size, condition, facilities, and surroundings, is unfit for the use of a Council Chamber, and recommend that the second floor of Washington Hall, at the corner of Radcliffe and Walnut streets, be secured for the purpose of Council meetings, at a cost including warming and lighting, not to exceed $50 per annum, and that Council when it adjourns, adjourn to meet in said Washington Hall, which, hereafter, and until further arrangements are made, shall be the regular place of meeting for Council.

By the unanimous order of the Committee.

CHAS. E. SCHEIDE.

The report was accepted by a vote of 8 yeas to 2 nays.

On motion the duplicate and cash collected in the possession of Constable Yardley, was directed to be handed over to the Clerk of Council.

The Fire Committee reported that the hose belonging to Fire Company No. 2 was offered to the Woollen Mills Fire Brigade, but was refused by them on the ground that it was not in good condition. The Fire Committee was directed to test the hose.

The Committee also laid before Council the following correspondence between the Clerk of Council and the Clerk of the Water Company, and submitted it without any recommendation.

BRISTOL, April 27th, 1878.

MR. G. M. DORRANCE, Secretary of Bristol Water Company:

Dear Sir: At the last meeting of the Burgess and Council, a petition numerously signed was presented, praying the Burgess and Council to enter into a contract with the Bristol Water Company, for a supply of water for fire protection, which upon motion was referred to the Fire Committee. This committee would now be pleased to know the most favorable terms upon which the Bristol Water Company will supply the borough with water for this purpose. The committee prefer that you would name a sum as annual rental without regard to the number of fire hydrants that the borough might put in. Yours, J. WESLEY WRIGHT, Chairman of Fire Committee.

BRISTOL, April 30th, 1878.

J. WESLEY WRIGHT, ESQ., Chairman of Fire Committee of Council:

Dear Sir: I am instructed by the Board of the Bristol Water Company, to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of April 27th requesting them to name a sum for which water will be furnished to the borough for fire protection, and to answer that they have no reply to make to your application in addition to previous negotiations on the subject. Yours Truly,

G. M. DORRANCE, Clerk.

On motion, the report was laid on the table.

On motion, an order was drawn for the appropriations to the Fire Companies: $300 to No. 1, and $150 to No. 2.

A remonstrance to Council against entering into a contract with the Water Company for water for fire protection at $25 per plug per annum, was read. There were 526 signatures to the remonstrance, and it was stated that of this number 209 were owners of real estate, and there were 35 who had signed the petition but who on further consideration had affixed their signatures to the remonstrance. On motion, the remonstrance was referred to the Fire Committee.

Mr. Peirce said he thought some offer should be made to the Water Board to secure plugs if possible, and moved that an offer be made to the Water Company of $300 per annum for water supply, the borough to put in as many fire plugs as it pleases, which motion was promptly seconded.

Mr. H. M. Wright opposed the motion. He thought it a small sum to offer, and that it was not made with a view to stop the "squabbling" which had been carried on for a long time. He extolled the Water Board and spoke of them as a *generous* set of men, amidst the loud laughter of the members and other auditors, and concluded by offering an amendment to Mr. Peirce's motion that the amount named be $750 instead of $300.

Mr. J. Wesley Wright spoke earnestly against any further action by Council. Their Committee had sent to the Water Board a respectful communication, the answer to which he thought was insulting to the Council, as the Water Board knew that the proposition which they had previously tendered of $1,800 and 10 per cent. on extensions had been submitted to the people, and been largely rejected by them, and he was opposed to any attempt at crawling before that Board with any proposition.

Mr. Booz said he was opposed to the motion, for the reason that he did not think the Water Company would accept it, and it was useless to make it.

Mr. Scheide spoke in favor of Mr. Peirce's motion, and said it was worth while to make the offer, for Council should put themselves on record as being willing to make an effort to have protection for the town. He thought it simply a matter of business, and to be brought about in a business way. The Water Company had offered to a business firm in the borough, to supply them with water to an amount exceeding 12,000 gallons per day or over 3,000,000 gallons a year at 12½ cents per 1000 gallons, and the usual price was 12½ to 15 cents. Upon this basis $300 would buy each year for the borough 2,500,000 gallons per annum for fire protection! He could not understand why the Water Board was willing to sell its water to private firms or individuals at one price, and demand another, six times as great, from the borough. He also stated that if a contract were made for ten years for the water at $300, it would cost an average sum of $300 additional for the same time to cover the expense of putting in the plugs, and if Mr. Peirce's motion was adopted the expenditure of the borough would be $600 a year for the next 10 years which he thought was all it could afford.

Mr. H. M. Wright's amendment not being seconded a vote was taken on the original motion which resulted as follows: Ayes, Harkins, Peirce, Scheide and York—4; Nays, Slack, Booz, Phillips, Fenton, H. M. Wright and J. W. Wright—6.

A petition complaining of the slaughter house of D. M. Michener, was referred to the Nuisance Committee.

A petition for a street lamp at the corner of Maple and Otter streets was referred to the Street Committee with power to act.

On motion Council then adjourned.

Notes and Comments.

New potatoes are in market.

Queen of the May—the queen bee.

Our Bristol newsboy is out again.

The fields are golden with butter-cups.

Overcoats were comfortable on Sunday.

Saturday was as showery as an April day.

Picnics and festivals are beginning to sprout.

The Orchestra concert promises to be a fine one.

It is said that Bristol does possess an Archery club.

Look out for "red ripe strawberry short cake."

Peas have made their appearance in the stores.

Emerald is now the prevailing color out o' doors.

The Library has received its first installment of books.

Fire-flies will soon be around with their electric lights.

The library concert on Friday evening was a success.

We now have two early morning mails from Philadelphia.

A wail from the fruit districts may be expected shortly.

The much talked of new hall, is not even a castle in the air.

The front yards on Radcliffe street are blooming with flowers.

The college songs at the concert on Friday evening were amusing.

Joseph H. Foster has gone for a few weeks on a visit "out West."

Last Saturday didn't you think you moved the stove out too early?

Sunshine, wind, rain, hail, that is the kind of weather we had Saturday.

The first strawberries of the season are here and are of a delicate paleness.

The frost of this week it is feared has injured the bean crop. Poor Boston.

That mode of crippling known as base ball, is not much in vogue in Bristol.

"Paris green for sale" a sign frequently seen now, is very suggestive of potato bugs.

The Friends' meeting house at Wood and Mulbury streets aspire to a new fence.

The wharves present a busy sight upon the arrival and departure of the steamboats.

Strawberries are said to be blushing on their vines, but we havn't seen any blush yet.

Boating on the canal is very dull, very few boats are now passing either up or down.

A house on Wood street near Walnut, has its gable end almost entirely covered with ivy.

An excellent likeness of Rev. Joseph Cook is exhibited at Bostwick's photographic gallery.

A batteau near Lewis Woolman's store on the canal, is suggestively named "Hard Times."

Notwithstanding our numerous shoe stores, an itinerant shoe vender visited Bristol last week.

A popular way of getting sun burned, will be in a short time to go a perch fishing on the river.

The Grove has put on its verdue of green, and awaits the re-opening of the Murphy campaign.

One of the coolest places in Bristol in warm weather, is E. C. Brudon's cozy office at lock No. 1.

We now have a mail going from Bristol on Sunday evening at the same time as other evenings.

Three p's were offered for sale on Mill street Saturday evening. Peanuts, pop corn and plush.

The lightning calculator calculated on Saturday evening at the corner of Mill and Wood streets.

Cap't Quicksell is pilot of the ferry boat; the rumor we alluded to last week proved well founded.

The electric light will prove valuable and cheap some day, sooner probably than some folks imagine.

Photographs of Simmons, Slocum and Sweatnam's Minstrel Troupe, at the Post Office attracted much notice.

We had a frost Monday morning, but not everybody was up in time to see whether its front name was Jack.

Look out for the visitors to the G. A. R. Post next Tuesday evening. We extend the freedom of Bristol to them.

Boarders do not flock in great numbers yet to the Bath Springs; it is a little early for migratory birds to leave the city.

We record for the benefit of the future historian, that on Tuesday, the 14th day of May, 1878, there was a heavy frost.

Although temperance people extol the virtues of water, yet the mighty volume of water known as the Delaware, has many bars.

And still no Richard Stockton. Well things are very uncertain in this life, especially steamboats, which are liable to "bust a biler" any time.

Suppose a man works in the second ward, eats his meals in the first, and sleeps wherever he can, where will be the proper ward for him to vote?

Bristol probably has more money invested in Building Association stock than any town of its size in the State. It's a good kind of stock to have too.

Miss Sarah J. Lewis, was last week re-elected Superintendent of the Tioga county schools, at a salary of $1,293. This should be an incentive to Bucks county.

Two solicitors for "the home missionary work" in Burlington, were around last week. It is always safe to refuse such solicitations from unknown parties.

Some people think a Sunday mail would be a convenience. There used to be three, one from New York, one from Philadelphia, and another from the West.

A lady angler at the mill pond was observed bravely baiting her fishing hook with a worm, and casting her line into the water in the manner of an experienced fisherman.

Ice a quarter of an inch thick, froze on William Alloway's portico on Sunday night, and yet on Monday morning a street organ was pealing forth "Spring, Spring, Gentle Spring."

It is said that pigeons can be charmed by music. Wonder how about other birds? Will not this mode of bird catching supplant the traditional dropping salt on the bird's tail.

A Mr. Aldine exhibited his skill as a concertina player at several places on Saturday evening, and drew a crowd of admiring listeners, charming the money right out of their pockets.

Prof. Stewart of Doylestown, had a narrow escape from being beaten by a woman. He was elected County Superintendent of Delaware county, by only 5 majority over Miss Anna Walter. Our county should be heard from next time.

A large number of Bristol people visited Birch's Opera House at Burlington, on Saturday evening, and Wyman "the wizard" who intended giving an entertainment at Cabeen's Hall, seeing the great multitude passing over "folded up his tents and silently stole away."

Some of the members of the Post of the G. A. R. have been "laying low" for the Bristol correspondent of the *Democrat*, who has eluded their vigilance and taken a trip to Washington, D. C.

The meanest thieving on record, is robbing a grave of flowers. Somebody just that mean, has been visiting some of our grave yards digging up flowers by the roots, and carrying off the entire plants.

Four footed lawn mowers were cutting the grass on the Masonic Hall lot this week. And strange to say no patent has yet been taken out for this style of grass cutter. It is the kind commonly known as sheep.

The Bristol Library.

We are glad to inform our readers that the Bristol Library will be opened for the first time on Saturday evening, June 1. For the benefit of the shareholders we publish such of the regulations as are of interest to them. We make the following extracts from the By-Laws:

The Librarian "shall keep a just account of all fines and persons finable, and shall collect and receive all such fines and pay them over to the Treasurer. * * * He shall not permit any book to be taken from the Library, except by a member or one of a member's family, unless upon the member's written order."

"Each member shall pay an annual tax of one dollar upon each share, which shall be due and payable to the treasurer upon the day of the annual meeting, [the second Thursday in January.] If the tax is not paid at the end of three months thereafter, a fine of twenty-five cents shall be imposed and an additional fine of ten cents for each month as long as it remains unpaid after the first three months. If not paid in two years the share shall be forfeited."

"No person shall be allowed to take out a book after the presentation of the bill for taxes or fines, if they remain unpaid."

The Library Rules are as follows:—

1. Each share entitles the holder to the use of one book at a time, which may be kept out not longer than two consecutive weeks, but it may be once renewed for an additional week; and if kept out for a longer period, each book shall be subject to the payment of ten cents per week or part of a week for such detention. One copy of a periodical shall be counted the same as a book.

2. If any member shall take a book from the library without having it duly entered in his or her account by the Librarian, all right to the use of the library shall be thereby liable to forfeiture.

3. Any member who shall lose or injure a book shall replace the same, and every one who shall fail to return a book to the library within two weeks after notice to do so, will forfeit his right to the use of the library.

4. Smoking or spitting in the library room, or in any way defacing the room or its furniture, or any conduct subversive of good order and decorum is strictly prohibited.

5. The Librarian is required to observe and enforce all the rules enacted for the regulation of the Library.

6. The Library shall be opened on the afternoons of Tuesday and Thursday of each week from 3 to 5 p. m. and on Saturday evening from 7 to 9 p. m., except on such days as are public holidays.

OBITUARY.

The last number of the GAZETTE recorded the departure of another, venerable and well-known citizen of our Borough, Benjamin Headley. He has passed away at the close of a remarkably long and regular life. Born in Bristol, January 29th, 1794, he was, at his decease in his 85th year, having passed his earlier as well as later years here, though the greater part of his life was spent on his father's and his own farm in Falls Township, where by his industry, frugality, and good management, having acquired a competency, he returned to his native place to rest and enjoy the results of his active years. He was in several respects an uncommon man. Endowed with an excellent constitution both of body and mind these natural gifts were well developed and maintained by their active and careful employment. Through his long life he was scarcely ever sick, and retained his physical powers until the last year or two and his mental faculties to the last day of his life. Fond of reading in which he spent much of his leisure time, and of an observing turn, his good memory and genial disposition "carrying the long line of their illumination" over a period coeval even with the present century rendered him an entertaining and profitable companion. By birth-right and education a Friend, he was much interested in the Society and from his youth a diligent attendant of its meetings where he will be much missed. His goodness of heart and social love made him a kind friend and affectionate relation, and his simplicity of character and trustful spirit closed with calmness and resignation the extended course of a notable and worthy life. "Going in the full strength of years, he was gathered to his fathers like a shock of corn fully ripe."

Morrisville Notes.

On Thursday evening last Rev. M. L. Hofford was installed pastor of the Presbyterian Church in this place. Although the day was rainy, the evening was clear and favorable. The church was prettily decorated with flowers, the music furnished by the kind assistance of the choir of the Third Presbyterian Church of Trenton, was excellent, and the addresses appropriate and practical. Rev. Jacob Krewson of Forrestville, Moderator of the Presbytery of Philadelphia North, presided and proposed the Constitutional questions. Rev. Mr. Beggs, of the Falls of Schuylkill, preached the sermon from Revelation, chapter 1, verse 2d. "The seven stars are the angels of the seven churches." The charge to the pastor was given by Rev. Mr. Studdiford, of Trenton N. J., and the charge to the Congregation, by Rev. Dr. Jones, of Neshaminy. After the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Mr. Hofford, the congregation came forward with greeting to their new pastor. The church was filled with an attentive and interesting audience.

David W. Kelly, at one time one of the most active and influential business men of Morrisville, has sold his pleasant residence in this place and removes this week to the city of Newark, New Jersey. Mrs. Parsons, who has purchased his home, will immediately make some improvements on the property, and then make it the place of residence for herself and daughter.

Rev. Mr. Lucas, of Trenton, delivered the temperance address in the Methodist Church last week.

The lecture room of the Presbyterian Church has been newly papered and carpeted, and is now a most pleasant and inviting place for Sabbath School and Church meetings. The Sabbath School here has a largely increased attendance.

The measels which made a very general visitation in our borough and vicinity, have entirely disappeared.

The reception of the new pastor of the Presbyterian Church upon his removal to Morrisville, was very cordial and pleasant. A number of the congregation took possession of his residence on Mill street, spread a generous table and spent a friendly afternoon with his family.

—List of letters remaining in the Bristol Post Office, Wednesday evening, May 15th, 1878:—Lilly Atkinson, Edgar Adams, Wm. H. Abel, Mrs. Jos. Ball, Anna Elizabeth Barnes, Anna Brelsford, Sue G. Burroughs, Mrs. Giles Downey, Mary Friel, Mrs. M. J. Francis, Annie Gibson, Josephine Goodhart, Lizzie Gifford, Maria Galliger, Sarah Jane Hill, Mary Heraghty, Abner Johnson, Peter Malloy, Catharine McBride, Mr. H. L. Prickitt, Mrs. Phoebe Reilly, Howard Reeder, Mrs. Emma Smith, Martha Smith, Abraham H. Stager, John Vandeventor, Mrs. Hannah Walford, Mrs. Lydia White, Joseph Wise and Elzy J. Watson.

—One of the most complete books in its way is the American Almanac and Treasury of Facts, Statistical, Financial and Political, for the year 1878, edited by Ainsworth R. Spafford, Librarian of Congress. It is bound in a handsome duodecimo volume, 420 pages, scarlet cloth. It is comprehensive, and as a work of reference should be in the hands of every citizen who desires to be kept posted in public affairs. The price of this work is $1.50, and it will be sent free of postage by the American News Company, New York.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—Owing to unfavorable weather last Sunday the religious services at the head of Bath street were dispensed with. Hereafter when the weather is not favorable, the meeting will be held at the residence of Mr. E. M. Rich, on Bath street. Service on next Sunday afternoon at 3½ o'clock.

J. B. WHITTON.

☞Purify and enrich the blood, and you will not be troubled with skin diseases. Dr. Bull's Blood Mixture is known to be a never failing remedy.

☞FACTORY FACTS.—Close confinement, careful attention to all factory work, gives the operatives pallid faces, poor appetite, languid, miserable feelings, poor blood, inactive liver, kidneys and urinary troubles, and all the physicians and medicine in the world cannot help them unless they get out of doors or use Hop Bitters, made of the purest and best of remedies, and especially for such cases, having abundance of health, sunshine and rosy cheeks in them. None need suffer if they will use them freely. They cost but a trifle. See another column.

☞If your spectacles don't suit you, try a pair of the Celebrated Perfected Spectacles. They succeed where others fail. For sale only by A. E. Baylies, Jeweler, Mill St., between Wood and Pond, Bristol, Pa.

☞For cheap hats go to Tyler's. Next door to the Post Office.

☞Prof. Paine, Philadelphia, is the author of short-hand practice and liquid ozone.

☞For cheap clothing go to Tylers. Next door to the Post Office.

Philadelphia Markets.

Wednesday, May 13, 5 P. M.

FLOUR.—Prices continue weak. Western superfine $4.25a4.50, extra $4.75a5. Pennsylvania family $5.25a6. Rye Flour $3 per barrel. Bran $15.50a16 per ton.

GRAIN.—Wheat is in but little demand. Amber $1.29a1.30, red $1.25a1.26; white $1.32a1.33. Rye 69 a70c. Yellow corn 52a53c. Choice white oats 36c.; mixed, 32a33c. per bushel.

SEEDS.—Market inactive. Clover 6a7c. Timothy $1.25a1.35, and Flax $1.35.

PROVISIONS.—Mess pork, $10a10.25; prime mess, $9a9.25. Smoked hams, 7¾a9c. Lard, kettle rendered, 7¼a7½c; loose butchers, 6¾a6¾c; and tubs, 7¾c. Choice New York factory cheese, 11a11½c; fair to good, 9½a10½c; skimmed, 5a7c. Strictly fresh eggs, 13a13½c.

POULTRY.—Live chickens and ducks 9a11c; spring chickens, dressed, 22a25c; winter chickens, 18a20c.

POTATOES.—Early Rose 38a40c. per bushel; Peachblows, 35a40c; Peerless, 30a35c; Prince Alberts, 35a40c; garnet Chilles, 30a35c.

Philadelphia Cattle Market.

Monday Evening, May 13, 1878.

Beef cattle were rather dull this week, but prices remain about the same as last quoted; 2260 head arrived and sold at the West Philadelphia Drove Yard at 5¾a6¾c. for extra Pennsylvania and Western steers; 5a5¾c. for fair to good do.. and 3¾a4¾c. per lb gross for common as to quality. Sheep were unchanged, 9,000 head sold at 3¾a5¾c. per lb. gross, as to condition. Hogs were dull; 3500 head arrived and sold at 4¾a5¾c. per lb. gross, as to condition. At the North Philadelphia Drove Yard the Cattle Market was rather dull, but prices were unchanged; 800 head sold at 4¾a6¾c per lb., as to quality. Sheep were unchanged; 1000 head sold at 4¾a5¾c. per lb., as to condition. Hogs were dull; 750 head sold at 5a5¾c. per lb. as to quality.

HAY AND STRAW MARKET—For the past week: Loads of Hay, 382; Straw, 63 loads. Average price during week: Prime Timothy, 65c. a 75c; Mixed, 50c. to 65c. Straw, 50c. a 60c. per 100 lbs.

MARRIED.

SPRING—WOOLEY.—At the residence of the bride's mother, May 15th, 1878, by Rev. Dr. Knox, Louis Spring and Violetta Wooley.

DIED.

GROOM.—May 11th, 1878, Anna Cora, daughter of E. J. Groom, M. D., in the 21st year of her age.

Spring will return, and woods grow green
From shore to shore;
But she, unseeing and unseen,
Returns no more.

Low in the ground her sleep is sweet,
And dark, and long;
No more she treads, with wandering feet,
Our maze of wrong.

No more the world's rebuke can fret
Her soul's repose;
Nor kindness woo her to forget
Her bitter woes.

She will not stir, nor speak nor heed,
Though eyes that weep,
And sorrow-stricken hearts that bleed
Beseech her sleep.

Yet be it mine, above her pall,
To shed one tear;
And speak one word of love, that all
The world may hear.

She was more kind than morning light
To eyes that grieve;
And constant as the star of night,
That can't deceive.

There was no sorrow on this earth
But touched her heart;
And in all gentle childlike mirth
She bore her part.

There was no goodness, but it won
Her reverent praise;
And full of kind deeds, simply done,
Were all her days.

She strove, through trouble's lasting blight,
For pathways smooth;
And many hands she found to smite,
And few to soothe.

WRIGHT.—May 15th, 1878, Ernest DeForrest, son of Edmund and Harriet M. Wright, aged 11 months and 3 days.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral from the parents residence, Morrisville, Saturday afternoon, 18th, at 2 o'clock. Interment at Morrisville Cemetery.

New Advertisements.

Plows, Harrows, Plow Castings,

SHOVELS, Forks, Hoes, Whiffletrees and Clevices, Post Hole Diggers and Crow Bars, Draining Tile, &c.

J. W. CORNELL & CO'S.,
Seed and Implement Warehouse,
88 Warren Street, Trenton, N. J.

☞Full line of Vegetable and Flower Seeds,—new, genuine, and true to name.

PUBLIC SALE.

Will be sold at Public Sale,
On Saturday, June 1st, 1878,

House and Lot,

Situated in Bensalem township, on the road leading from Bridgewater to the Hulmeville road—near the Colored Meeting House. Lot 34 feet front by 131 feet 6 inches deep. House 12 by 16 feet, two stories high; back building 16 by 16 feet, one story high. The building was formerly used as a school house.

Sale to commence at 4 o'clock P. M., on the premises, when conditions will be made known by the School Board of Bensalem.

By order of the Board,
222 J. G. VANDEGRIFT, Secretary.

A CONCERT
CONSISTING OF
VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC,
Will be given by the
BRISTOL AMATEUR ORCHESTRA,
(PROF. A. STRADLING, CONDUCTOR,)
Assisted by other local talent,
IN WASHINGTON HALL,
Thursday Evening, May 23d, 1878,
At quarter before Eight o'clock.

Tickets 40 Cents, or three for $1.00.

Tickets can be obtained at H. Bradfield's Music Store, J. H. Bostwick's, Rogers Bros., J. M. Callanan's and H. C. Cornell's on Mill street, W. N. K. Boileau, Dorrance street, or from any member of the Orchestra.

☞Proceeds to be devoted to the purchase of Instruments essential to the permanence of the organization. 225

REPORT

Of the Condition of "The Farmers' National Bank of Bucks County,"

At Bristol, in the State of Pennsylvania, at the close of business on the 1st day of May, 1878.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$288,863 44
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		83,000 00
U. S. Bonds on hand (par value)		10,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents		21,957 04
Due from other National Banks		8,500 00
Due from State Banks and Bankers		2,236 22
Real Estate, Furniture and Fixtures		9,500 00
Current Expenses and Taxes paid		4,446 84
Checks and other cash items		1,693 17
Bills of other Banks		2,372 00
Fractional Currency, including Nickels		171 48
Specie, viz: Gold coin	$750 50	
Silver coin	1,532 50	2,283 00
Legal Tender Notes		23,744 00
U. S. Certificates of Deposit for Legal Tender Notes		15,000 00
Redemption Fund with U. S. Treasurer, (not more than 5 per cent. on circulation)		4,150 00
		$487,917 19

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in		$92,220 00
Surplus Fund		75,000 00
Undivided profits		15,487 45
Circulating Notes received from Comptroller	$82,990 00	
Less amount on hand and with Comptroller for burning	2,010 00	80,980 00
Dividends unpaid		134 70
Individual deposits subject to check		219,861 13
Due to other National Banks		3,591 07
Due to State Banks and bankers		702 84
		$487,917 19

State of Pennsylvania—County of Bucks, ss.

I, Charles T. Iredell, cashier of "The Farmers' National Bank of Bucks County," do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

CHARLES T. IREDELL, Cashier.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 11th day of May, 1878. I. S. TOMLINSON, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: ANTHONY SWAIN, O. N. TAYLOR, L. A. HOGUET, } Directors.

223

BRISTOL TOWNSHIP.

Annual Statement of the Supervisors and Overseers of the Poor, of Bristol Township, for the year ending April 8th and 9th, 1878.

DISBURSEMENTS.

Jacob W. Bowman, Supervisor.

By work and material		$373 01
" teams		288 02
" gravel		76 58
Poor bills paid		20 59
Lumber bill, Boileau & Rogers		94 11
Script paid		37 35
William T. Potts, M. D.		23 00
Work done by self and notifying		133 00
Commissions		55 56
Remits		8 39
D. P. Everitt		5 60
House Expenses and Auditors pay		20 00
Jonathan Wright		9 00
Error		3 00
		$1,140 92
Total amount of Duplicate		$1,115 58
Balance due Supervisor		25 34
		$1,140 92

James E. Magill, Supervisor.

By Labor and Material		$815 59
" Work done by self		227 00
" Poor bills paid		63 06
" Remits		17 62
" Commissions		56 97
		$1,177 64
Amount of Duplicate		$1,155 51
Balance due Supervisor		21 13
		$1,177 61
Due Township from Supervisors 1876		$8 61
Bal. paid Township, by Supervisor		12 52
		$21 13
Total amount of Disbursements		$2,318 56
" " Duplicate		2,272 09
Bills unpaid and script		233 20

EDWARD BAKER, ELIAS PRAUL, A. B. STACKHOUSE. } Auditors.

226

Miscellaneous.

Spring 1878.

OAK HALL

THE PEOPLE'S FAVORITE CLOTHING HOUSE,
1878.—18th year.

With much greater variety
Than ever
With ampler facilities
Than ever
With far more customers
Than ever
We are better prepared
Than ever
At considerably lower prices
Than ever

To Supply The Men and Boys of America
With Superb Clothing
From the Largest Clothing House in America.

Only One Price. The Lowest. Terms Cash.
Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Returned.
Samples and prices mailed anywhere.
Orders by mail promptly executed.

WANAMAKER & BROWN
Sixth & Market Sts., Philadelphia.

HARDWARE AND IRON STORE,
AT NO. 47 MILL STREET,
BRISTOL, PA.

CAN ALWAYS BE FOUND A FULL AND COMPLETE STOCK
OF
Shelf and Heavy Hardware,
IRON AND STEEL,
NAILS AND CUTLERY,
PURE PAINTS, READY MIXED FOR IMMEDIATE USE;
THE CELEBRATED BLANCHARD CHURN,
FARM AND GARDEN IMPLEMENTS
WIRE SCREEN, BEREA GRINDSTONES, GUM HOSE,
A Full Line of Locks and Bolts,
SILVER-PLATED WARE,
CORDAGE, CHAINS,
The WINDSOR COFFEE POT, the best in the world;
MRS. POTTS COLD-HANDLED SAD IRONS,

Hollow Ware in variety; Baskets and Brushes, Knives, Scissors and Razors; Axes, of the best brands; Steel Traps, Rat Traps, and Mouse Traps, Whips, Currycombs and Horse Brushes, Saddler's Hardware, Horse Shoes and Horse Shoe Nails, Rasps and Files, Carriage and Tire Bolts, Saws and Chisels, Hatchets and Hammers, &c., &c., &c. LOWEST PRICES.

J. S. THOMAS,
214 47 Mill Street.

READY FOR IMMEDIATE USE.

Is endorsed by every PRACTICAL PAINTER. COVERING CAPACITY AND DURABILITY EXCEED ANY KNOWN PAINT. Buildings Painted with our Prepared Paints, if not satisfactory, will be **Repainted at our Expense.**

For sale by J. S. THOMAS,
224 Bristol, Pa.

RYE WANTED.

1000 BUSHELS OF RYE WANTED at NEWPORTVILLE MILLS. All other kinds of Grain bought at market prices. Wheat and Rye Flour of the best quality, and Lime, Land Plaster and Cements for sale at Newportville Mills, Bucks county.
212 I. C. FETTER.

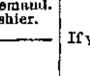
For Sale.

THE LARGE THREE-STORY BRICK HOUSE at the north corner of RADCLIFFE AND PENN Sts., containing 12 rooms. It is beautifully located—second to none in Bristol—well built, nearly new, and conveniently arranged throughout. Inquire of
176 M. A. WALMSLEY, Bristol, Pa.

For Sale.

A SAIL BOAT, 19 feet long, (whale boat build), with all new rigging, and in complete order. Will be sold cheap for cash. Inquire of
THOMAS HOULDING,
206 Spruce Street, Bristol.

Wanted.



A FRESH COW—part Alderney preferred. JOSHUA PEIRCE.
215

Farmers' National Bank of Bucks County.
BRISTOL, PA., Fifth Mo. 7th, 1878.

THE Directors have this day declared a dividend of six per cent. clear of taxes, payable on demand.
220 CHAS. T. IREDELL, Cashier.

Lost!

BROWN ALPACA UMBRELLA, with the owner's name marked on tape in the inside. Any one returning the same to the GAZETTE Office will receive the thanks of P. B. THOMAS.

Administrator's Sale of a Farm.

PURSUANT to an Order of the Orphans' Court of Bucks County, will be sold at Public Sale,
On Saturday, the 18th day of May, 1878,
at 2 o'clock P. M., on the premises, THE FARM late of Peter Sinclair, deceased, situate in the township of Bristol, in said county, about one mile from Bristol Borough, bounded by lands of Jesse L. Booz, Taylor & Baker, Josiah Goodwin, and the road from the turnpike to China Hall, containing FORTY ACRES, more or less. The improvements are a Two-Story Brick House, 26 by 33 feet, containing 5 rooms, besides entries and attic, and cellar underneath; a Two-Story Stone and Brick Kitchen adjoining, a Spring House and Well, both of good water, near the house, a Barn, 40 by 25 feet; Stone Stable high; Wagon House, 19 feet square; a number of Fruit and Shade Trees, &c.
WASHINGTON SINCLAIR, Administrator.
JESSE G. WEBSTER, Auctioneer. 209

Public Sale
OF
BUILDING LOTS!

To be sold at Public Sale
On Fifth Day, the 23d of Fifth Mo., (May,)
That beautiful BUILDING LOT on RADCLIFFE STREET, above Washington Street, 60 feet front by 213 feet deep, running through to Cedar Street. It is one of the very few handsomely located lots for sale on the said street, being situated on high ground, having a commanding view of the River, and is altogether very desirable for building purposes. Terms accommodating. Sale at 2 o'clock P. M. M. A. WALMSLEY.
WM. KINSEY, Auctioneer. 221

MRS. M. J. BUCKINGHAM
HAS RETURNED TO BRISTOL
With all the Latest Styles of the Season,
IS thankful for past favors, and is now ready to see all her lady friends.
ALSO, WANTS TWO GIRLS TO LEARN DRESSMAKING, on easy terms.
No. 40 Market Street.
218

MISS MERRIAM'S
Family and Day School for Girls,
AT BRISTOL, PA.,
WILL REOPEN ON WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12th. A distinct Primary Department will be added to the school. For Circulars, address until September 1,
MISS A. MERRIAM,
715 Westborough, Mass.

Estate Notice.

ESTATE OF PHINEAS STRADLING, late of Bristol Borough, County of Bucks, deceased. All persons indebted to said Estate, are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal demands against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement, without delay to JOHN C. SPENCER, Administrator,
217 Falls Township

Estate Notice.

ESTATE OF LYDIA SICKLES, late of Trenton, N. J. All persons indebted to said Estate, are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal demands against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement, without delay to JOSHUA BURTON, Administrator.
Or to ANTHONY SWAIN, his Attorney. 212

House in Spruce Street for Rent,
WITH STABLING AND LOT.
Apply to E. G. HARRISON & SON,
197 44 Mill Street.

If you are a man of business, weakened by the strain of your duties, avoid stimulants and take
HOP BITTERS.
If you are a man of letters, toiling over your midnight work, to restore brain and nerve waste, take
HOP BITTERS.
If you are young, and suffering from any indiscretion or dissipation, take
HOP BITTERS.
If you are married or single, old or young, suffering from poor health or languishing on a bed of sickness, take
HOP BITTERS.
Whoever you are, wherever you are, whenever you feel that your system needs cleansing, toning or stimulating, without *intoxicating*, take
HOP BITTERS.
Have you *dyspepsia, kidney* or *urinary complaint*, disease of the *stomach, bowels, blood, liver* or *nerves?* You will be cured if you take
HOP BITTERS.
If you are simply ailing, are weak and low spirited, try it! Buy it. Insist upon it. Your druggist keeps it.
HOP BITTERS.
It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.

Bristol.

SPRING OPENING!
AT
J. Wesley Wright's
Next Canal Bridge,
MILL STREET, BRISTOL, PA.

I AM NOW ALMOST DAILY OPENING SPRING GOODS, COMPRISING SOME OF THE LATEST NOVELTIES IN
DRESS GOODS,
At prices much below last season.

BLACK FRENCH CASHMERE,
At 40c., 62c., 75c., 90c. and $1.00 per yd.
BLACK ALPACAS AND MOHAIRS.
HANDSOME METALASSE DRESS GOODS, At 22c.
COLORED CASHMERES, 20c.
BARGAINS IN COLORED ALPACAS, Beautiful Shades at 12½c.

THE BEST GRADES of MUSLINS,
AT LOW PRICES.
BEST PRINTS, 5, 6, and 8c. yard.

LARGE ASSORTMENT OF
WHITE GOODS.
Merino Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves, Fancy Goods and Mohairs.

JUST OPENED, A LARGE LINE OF
FINE LISLE THREAD GLOVES,
From 15c. to 75c. pair.

Also, a large lot of
2-BUTTON KID GLOVES,
New and Desirable Shades, at 50c. pair.

Hamburg Edgings,
From 5c. to $1.50 yard.

CORSETS! CORSETS! CORSETS!
From 25c. to $2.00.

SPOOL COTTON, 1 cent a spool.

A LARGE STOCK OF
HOUSE FURNISHING DRY GOODS,
TABLE LINENS, NAPKINS and TOWELS

Carpets, Oil Cloths, Mattings,
WINDOW SHADES & SHADE FIXTURES.

JUST RECEIVED, A LARGE STOCK OF
WALL PAPERS.

Children's Carriages,
Children's Carriages.

A LARGE STOCK OF
GROCERIES,
AT VERY LOW PRICES,
AT
J. Wesley Wright's.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

From Vick's Magazine.

THISTLES AND ROSES.

BY ELAINE GOODALE.

Upon the rugged mountain side,
Uplifted in majestic pride,
A squalid hovel stands.
Of aspect rude, and harsh, and bare;
No fireside families cluster there
Of cultured thought and tender care,
Warm hearts and loving hands.

The shrunken boards are black with rain;
Old rags supply the missing panes;
The unhinged gate swings low,
And loosely hangs the clicking latch,
Beyond, a shed of roughest thatch,
And rugged, cramped potato-patch,
The farmer's labor show.

A bank of thistles, prickly red;
A large and lusty burdock bed
The dingy yard adorn;
A clump of daisies, run to seed,
And many a coarse, ill-favored weed,
With broken ditches—rude indeed—
A garden all forlorn!

Ten years pass by. Upon the hill
The home of man is standing still;
But oh, how great a change!
Poised lightly on the wooded crest,
It fronts the sunset-painted west,
And breaks, with outline pictures(que,
The dusky, rolling range.

Of graceful form, of mellow tone,
The generous windows open thrown,
Show curtains floating white;
The porch above the sunny door,
The ivied lattice peeping o'er,
The rustic gate that stands before,
Here near approach invite.

The velvet lawn, well-kept, tho' small,
Is skirted by a low, broad wall,
Where bright nasturtiums cling;
Here bloom the roses, dewy wet,
Wide beds of fragrant mignonette,
In glowing garden richly set
With many a lovely thing.

There purple pansies, quaint and low,
Forget-me-nots and violets grow,
Or stately lilies shine;
Geraniums, vivid white and red;
Frail, bright-hued poppies, lightly shed;
And clasping, clinging overhead,
Long wreaths of tangled vine.

A light foot treads the fragile bowers,
Two slender hands are filled with flowers,
A fair face all aglow;
A soft smile curves the rosy lips,
To round, red cheeks a dimple slips,
In liquid eyes the glad light dips,—
She loves her garden so!

Poor hut, a blot on Nature's face,
And cottage quaint of cultured grace—
A contrast sadly wide!
And wider still 'twixt beds of bloom,
Of lustrous light or softened gloom,
And unkempt yard of scanty room,
With weeds on either side.

Yet widest 'twixt those hearts alone,
Where such pure light has never shone,
And hearts a-bloom, aglow.
O may the happier lot be ours,
To live, not with, but through our flowers,
That soothe our griefs, inspire our powers,
Because we love them so.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

CONDUCTED BY A LADY.

Chicken Pot Pie.—Cut up the chicken; grease your pot, or pan, with lard; roll out crust enough in two parts to go round it, but not cover the bottom, or it will burn before the pie is done. As you put in the pieces of chicken, strew in flour, salt and pepper, some pieces of the crust rolled thin, and a few potatoes; cover this with water, and put on a covering of paste, with a slit cut in the middle; cook slowly for about two hours; have hot water in a kettle, and if it should dry up too much, pour some in. Just before you dish it, add a little parsley and thyme.

Strawberry Shortcake, No. 2.—We are indebted to a correspondent for the following receipe, which we submit to our readers. We have tested it in our own family and found it to be very superior:—Cream, one half cup of butter and one cup of sugar, and add the beaten yolks of three eggs; stir in one cup of water; add the whites, beaten to a stiff froth, and two and a half cups of flour, through which two teaspoonfuls of sea foam have been sifted; you may need a little less or a little more flour, according to the size of your cup and the quality of your flour. Let the measure of butter and sugar be scant, and don't use milk to make it a little better; it is much lighter made with water; bake in jelly-cake tins; the above quantity of butter will make four cakes of the proper thickness; when cold cut in pie-shaped pieces and stand the berries regularly and as closely as possible between two layers; reserve the finest and largest berries for the top; sift powdered sugar over the whole; send to table with milk or cream and powdered sugar; have it as cold as possible when eaten. It is very nice if placed on ice for an hour or two.

Corn-Starch Cake.—This is a simple and digestible cake, easily and quickly made, and generally liked. Rub well together 1 cup of butter and 2 cups of sugar. Add the white of six eggs beaten to a froth. Stir in 1 cup of sweet milk, 2 cups of flour, in which have been thoroughly mixed 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder or two of cream of tarter and 1 of soda, and flavor with 1 teaspoonful of extract of bitter almonds (or other flavor desired). Lastly, stir in 1 cup of corn-starch, which acts both as food and shortening. Immediately bake in a moderately quick oven.

Italian Cream.—One pint of cream, one-half pint of milk, one cup of sugar, one cup of wine to be whipped half an hour, one-half box of gelatine dissolved in one-half pint of water; mixed with other ingredients.

Vinegar Candy.—Two cups of white sugar, one-third cup of vinegar, one-third of a cup of water; boil, try it, and pull as for molasses candy.

Crullers.—One cupful sugar, one tablespoonful butter, two eggs, one cupful milk, one quart flour, two teaspoonfuls sea-foam, a little grated nutmeg.

Migrations of Plants.—The plants of Europe have in many cases driven off the vegetable tribes of America and Australia, and occupied their sites; and while the footsteps of the white man are sounding the death-knell of the aboriginal, his plants are destroying those of the poor savage. There is no kingdom on earth so revolutionary as the vegetable kingdom. Plants may be said to live amidst strife and constant struggles, and to slay each other mercilessly, though without bloodshed or cruelty. The larger trees of the tropical forests are entwined and throttled by trailers, and hugged by lianas till they die; smaller plants seem to wait for the places filled by their stronger neighbors. There is less rivalry in European forests, only because a few sovereign species of timber trees, like the Scotch and spruce firs of Scandinavia, hold possession of the soil and do not allow the approach of rivals. The plants that feed the populations of the world have prevailed in the field of nature and of cultivation by virtue of conquest, effected with or without the aid of man; and it is remarkable that the most useful plants are the most robust and elastic, such as the hardy grasses and those great wanderers, wheat, rice, maize and millet, which have followed man in all his migrations. What a determination of physical character wheat, maize, the banana-tree, cassava, and others must possess, since they have pushed their way among their compeers, till they each dominate over wide surfaces of the globe, and their true or native country cannot now be determined.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

The Unhappy Village.—Show me two villages, one embowered in trees and blazing with all the glories of October, the other a merely trivial and treeless waste, or with only a single tree or two for suicides, and I shall be sure that in the latter will be found the most starved and bigoted religionists and the most desperate drinkers. Every wash-tub and milk can and grave-stone will be exposed. The inhabitants will disappear abruptly behind their barns and houses, like desert arabs Amid the rocks, and I shall look to see spears in their hands. They will be ready to accept the most barren and forlorn doctrine—as that the world is speedily coming to an end, or has already got to it, or that they themselves are turned wrong side outward. They will perchance crack their dry joints at one another and call it a spiritual communication.—*Thoreau.*

True hospitality of the home is never loudly and noisily demonstrative. It never overwhelms you with its greeting, though you have not a doubt of its perfect sincerity. You are not disturbed by the creaking of the domestic machinery, suddenly driven at unwonted speed for your accommodation. Quietly it does its work, that it may put you in peaceable possession of its results. He is not the true host, she is not the best hostess, who is ever going to and fro with hurried action, and flurried manner, and heated countenance, as if to say, "See how hospitable I can be;" but rather the one who takes your coming with quiet dignity and noiseless painstaking; who never obtrude attention yet is very attentive all the while; who makes you, in one word—the most expressive word in the English tongue—to be at home. There is no richer, deeper, larger hospitality than that.

DANCING FLIRTATIONS.

BY LILLIE DE VEREUX BLAKE.

The little folk are all busy now with their dancing lessons; twice a week they are arrayed in their prettiest clothes, these little masters and misses, and sent to a fashionable teacher who shall instruct them in the mysteries of waltz and lanciers and galop. They learn a good deal more than their steps, too, in these semi-weekly reunions. They acquire a certain amount of grace of carriage, correct ideas as to how to enter a room, to bow and courtesy. All valuable adjuncts to this branch of their education, but beyond this, the very first lessons in flirtation are often taught in these same schools.

And here I pause to wonder that some of those moralists who are so opposed to the co-education of the sexes have never levelled their fulminations at the evils of the dancing school. If it be immoral for young people of opposite sexes to meet for the purpose of reading Greek or studying the dry formulas of algebra, how much more shocking must it be for them to associate for the purpose of engaging in the light and seductive amusement of dancing, and yet thus far this prevalent form of co-education has escaped all strictures. Hence, I did not propose to write a profound treatise, but a mere suggestion of some incidents of dancing school romance.

All readers will remember in the last and most charming Christmas story that ever came from the wonderful pen of Charles Dickens, the comical account of the dancing school flirtation between the "Pirate King" and an angel of eight summers. How she, indignant with him because of his tenor of her school teacher, wrote him a note beginning with these awful words:

'You are a cow——'

The poor pirate king was thrown into great distress of mind by his terrible denunciation. 'A cow?' what had led me to be characterized as a meek, bovine female! He was about to tear his hair in despair when a further perusal of the note made it evident that this was but half the word. The fair writer having delicately refrained from adding the terrible syllable which should denounce him as a coward!

At a gay party where affairs of the heart were under discussion a few evenings ago, a gentleman declared that the grand passion of his life had been at dancing school.

'I fell desperately in love with a little girl of seven, who was often my partner. She had no front teeth,' he said, with a pensive sigh, 'being at that transitive age when those ornaments are often wanting, but that made no difference, I adored her madly.'

A beautiful widow who was present, declared that she could sympathize fully with this 'most moving tale.'

'When I was almost eight years old,' she said, 'I had my first love affair.'

'Do let us have the story,' we cried.

'The object of my affections was the son of a baker, who was sent to dancing school by his father to make a gentleman of him. He was sixteen, a very good looking boy, but took no notice whatever of me, considering me merely as a child beneath his regard. This neglect, however, had no effect in cooling my passion. Every day after dancing school when I reached home, I would print a love letter to the fascinating baker. I could not write but would painfully print out a pathetic confession of the state of my heart, afterward carefully burning the effusion. But it happened one day that my big brother found one of these *billet doux*, and the next afternoon at dancing school came up to me and utterly overwhelmed me by exclaiming:'

'Say, sis, I gave that last love letter of your's to Tom!'

'I was horrified beyond expression, not knowing which way to look; and my confusion was intensified when, as soon as Tom entered the room, he hurried to my side and asked me to dance.'

'And you, what did you do?' we cried.

'I declined, with enormous dignity, and would never speak to him again.'

These various reminiscences recalled to me vividly my own earlier romance, which like these others had its origin at the dancing school. A little fellow, perhaps two years my senior, was often a partner of mine. He was rather a sentimental boy, and rejoiced in the unusual and poetic name of Theoran. It had never occurred to me, however, that I was the especial object of his regard until one February when I had reached the mature age of nine. On coming home from school one afternoon, I found just pushed in under the door a tiny three cornered note. I at once took it to my mother, who, after glancing at it, said:

'Why, this is for you, not for me.'

'For me?' I exclaimed, in amazement, for I had no correspondents in those days, 'you read it to me I can't make it out,' after a hopeless glance at the neat writing.

My mother accordingly proceeded to read a most sentimental copy of verses. "It is a valentine," she explained, with much amusement, and I was rather annoyed than delighted at the homage to my charms contained in the lines.

Worse was to come, however. A few evenings later Miss B., a very wise lady was taking tea with my mother. Highly educated and mature young woman Miss B. was, indeed, who in my secret heart I rather feared, and who, I doubted not, scoffed at love and youth.

While the evening was yet early, and shortly after tea was over, a sound of weak tooting was heard on the ear. It was a very faint and feeble, but as it continued persistently, it finally attracted our attention.

"What is that?" said my mother, looking up from her embroidery—'It seems to be near the house.'

And as the sound persisted she at last rose and went to the window, lifting the curtain and looking out, then, turning back with a smile of intense amusement:

'I think it is a serenade for you, my dear,' she said. 'It appears to be Theoran playing on the flute; you had better go and see him.'

How my mother and Miss B. did laugh in chorus, and how I wished Theoran and his flute were anywhere but there!

However there was no help for it; I had to go to the window and peep out. Knowing all the time, that behind my back those two elders were enjoying vastly the whole thing. Never shall I forget how utterly foolish I felt! There in the dim light, I could see on the pavement just below, a small figure blowing faintly on a small flute, and from time to time, for the night was very cold, alternating the exercises by blowing on his own small stiff fingers. The serenade was extremely feeble in character and did not last long, the ardor of the poor boy's devotion was very soon frozen up, and, to my great relief, he scampered away. Poor Theoran! He afterward grew up to be an ornament to the high church wing of the Episcopal faith, and has probably long ago forgotten his dancing school flirtation.

Politeness is money, which enriches not him who receives it, but him who dispenses it.

Talents are best nurtured in solitude; character is best formed in the stormy billows of the world.—*Goethe.*

I have played the gross fool to believe the bosom of a friend would hold a secret mine own could not contain.—*Massinger.*

It may be ennobling to labor, as the philosopher says, but it's no time to tell a man so after he's just finished carrying in two tons of coal with a basket.

Mrs. Dickens has become reconciled with her sister, Miss Hogarth, who, after the separation of the novelist from his wife, became his housekeeper, and of whom he said that she was 'the best and truest friend man ever had.' Mrs. Dickens and Miss Hogarth live together.

Francis Murphy says: 'He's heartily in favor of the Moffett bell-punch, and thinks it's the best thing ever invented in the shape of a restriction of the liquor traffic. I wish that it could be in use in all the States. It would be just the thing for such cities as Boston and New York.'

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has been lecturing upon "George Eliot," whom she pronounces the "apostle of the commonplace." She considers 'Middlemarch' the greatest of the author's works, and regards her as a great and good woman, but a woman who has fallen short of her possibilities in the matter of religious convictions.

Sow not wishes in other people's gardens; wish not for that which you are not, but earnestly desire to be the very best of what you are. Endeavor your best to perfect yourself where you are and bear manfully all the crosses you may encounter. This is the leading principle and the least understood in a good life.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

Castle Gaudolfo has been prepared for the reception of the Pope, but unless the weather grows unusually hot he has decided to pass the summer at his post. In the Vatican. His Holiness recently received in private audience a party of American ladies headed by the authoress Mrs. Turner, and with her as spokeswoman, he conversed very kindly about the United States.

Mr. Austin, of Marshall, Wis., found a note in his wife's desk, full of expressions of love, and appointed a meeting. He was furiously jealous, but she declared that the note was five years old, and had been received before her marriage. This explanation was not satisfactory, but the husband pretended to accept it, while he secretly investigated. He learned that the manufacturers whose mark was on the paper had been in business only two years. Mrs. Austin, on being confronted with that proof of the newness of the note, made a confession, on which a divorce suit is based.

HOW KAULBACH PAINTED LUNATICS.

The first picture which attracted any notice, and first called attention to the artist, was his representation of an insane asylum ("Die Irrenanstalt"). The picture made, on all who saw it, a deep, and on many a lasting, life-long impression. One thought he could see in the empty faces the whole history of the insane man's sorrows and the attempt of the empty mind to grasp the thought never quite within its reach. The faces seemed as distinct as if they had been reflected from a mirror, and the mind and spirit stricken men and women gathered in the hospital appeared in all their startling individuality. The human sorrows and passions which had driven the sane to madness appeared so real as to be painful. Kaulbach himself gave the following rather remarkable account of the origin of the painting: Cornelius had been (1825) commissioned by the then King Ludwig of Bavaria to adorn the new royal palace at Munich with frescoes, and was to take with him the more advanced of his scholars to assist in the work. Young Kaulbach was not, however among those selected by the master. He was not considered fitted for the work, and so remained at Dusseldorf with the younger pupils. Kaulbach understood the reason well enough, but felt bitterly the loss of what he considered would have been a brilliant opportunity to distinguish himself. While thus feeling despondent, he met an old friend, the physician of an insane asylum near Dusseldorf, who cheered him by saying: "I can give you and your friends, if you wish, a good opportunity to practice frescoing. In the vestibule of the asylum, you and your friends can draw and paint to your heart's content. I cannot pay you for the work, to be sure, but I can refresh you with an occasional glass of wine, and quiet your appetite with bread-and-cheese." Kaulbach accepted the invitation eagerly, and, with the assistance of some of his fellow students, covered the blank walls with pictures. When the work had been completed, the physician invited Kaulbach to visit him, and said: "I would like very much to show my obligation to you, but I know no better way to pay you than to give you some lessons which may serve you in life. We all have sleeping, slumbering passions, with which it is forever necessary to struggle. Let me picture to you the lives of some of the poor lunatics here, and you will see that very many of them are crazed only because they have allowed their passions to develop immeasurably and without hindrance." With this view, the physician then related to him the history of a number of the hopeless cases he had to care for in the institution. The narratives interested Kaulbach deeply, and made a lasting impression on him. He knew he had the germs and seeds of just such passions as had been depicted to him in himself, and he began almost to be afraid of himself. The stories of the mindless inmates of the hospital haunted him with continual warnings and threats. Shortly afterward he left Dusseldorf and went to Munich, but still the impression was so strong upon him as to cause him considerable disquiet, and with the idea of freeing himself, if possible, from these troublesome spirits, he determined to put the unwelcome picture on canvas. With this object in view, he made a number of additional studies at an asylum near Munich, the result of which was the now celebrated picture.—*Appletons' Journal.*

Catholic Opinion of Luther.—Prof. Schoen of Vienna, spiritual director of the madhouse of that capital, has recently published a very curious work tending to prove that Martin Luther was mad. It is well known that the "great reformer," whilst still a very young man, received a terrible shock to his nerves from seeing a friend, who was walking by his side, struck dead by lightning. This event led him to become a monk, and it is not improbable that from it date the hallucinations and other singularities of his mind to which he was afterward subject. In a letter to Father Staupitz, his superior, he declares "that the sight of a crucifix was sufficient to frighten him into a fit, and that he had entirely lost all confidence in God, although he pretended to possess it." His marriage with Catherine Bora, the ex-nun, was followed by words and acts on his part so utterly void of common sense as to point to insanity. Thus he asserts that "his marriage must have made the angels weep and the devils laugh," and yet he wrote a treatise in favor of the marriage of priests. He frequently prayed at the table to the devil, saying: "Oh, holy Satan, pray for us. Take a rope in thy hand and go to Rome to thy servant, the pope, whose idol thou art, and beat him with it." Who but a crazy person would have prayed thus? His vituperation, evil temper, bad language and filthy talk are well known, and are of so gross and coarse a nature that nothing but insanity can explain them. The way in which he spoke of the Jews is a proof that he was mad, if there were no other. He advised people to pour burning lead and pitch on them, to destroy their books, and to let them die of starvation. He called them the sons of the devil. In short, a thousand instances can be brought forward to prove that Luther was not in his right mind, and Prof. Schoen has introduced them in his book with striking effect. He is, however, by no means the first writer who has endeavored to prove that Luther was not sane.—*Catholic Review.*

Fun in the Witness-Box.—Nothing pleases a fun-loving Irishman better than to bother a lawyer, and the courts have known many a dialogue like this:

'You are a Roman Catholic?'
'Am I?'
'Are you not?'
'You say I am.'
'Come, sir, what's your religion?'
'The true religion.'
'What religion's that?'
'My religion.'
'What religion is your religion?'
'My mother's religion.'
'What was your mother's religion?'
'She took whiskey in her tay.'
'You bless yourself, don't you?'
'When I am done with you I will.'
'What place of worship do you go to?'
'The most convanient.'
'Of what persuasion are you?'
'My persuasion is that you won't find out.'
'What is your belief.'
'That you are puzzled.'
'Do you confess?'
'Not to you.'
'Why would you write to if you were likely to die?'
'The doctor.'
'I insist upon your answering me, sir. Are you a Roman Catholic?'
'I am.'
'Why didn't you say so at once?'
'You never axed me. You said I was a great many things, but you never axed me. You were drivin' cross words an' crooked questions at me, and so I tho't it was manners to cut my behavior after your own pattern.'

Prince Murat.—In connection with the announcement of the death of Prince Napoleon Lucius Murat, the Watertown *Times* says: "He was once a resident of Jefferson County. He was accompanied to this country by other prominent Frenchmen who were banished from France, and settled near Evans Mills. Murat selected a site on the Indian River, some three miles from Evans Mills, where he erected grist-mills and saw-mills, and laid the foundation for what he expected would ultimately be a large city. His father's name was Joachim, and he gave this name to his embryo city. The name still clings to the place, but nothing remains to mark it except the bridge across the river and the ruins of the dam. Joachim did not flourish, and the fortune of the Prince gradually wasted away. During his sojourn in this locality he was a frequent guest at the house of Dr. Ira A. Smith, at Evans Mills, at whose hands he received hospitality that was gratefully appreciated. He made two trips to France, in 1839 and 1844, but the Government would not permit him to remain, and each time he returned to this country. The revolution of 1848, however, promised him freedom and recognition, and he embarked for France. His circumstances had at this time become so reduced that a loan from his friend Dr. Smith was necessary to cover the expense of the trip."

The Czarevna of Russia had not seen the Czarewitch, her husband, for eight months when she surprised him lately by meeting him unexpectedly at Danaburg. She arrives first—a bright young lady, resembling her sister, the Princess of Wales, but looking rather stronger. An onlooker gives an animated description of the scene:—Though courteous to all, the Czarevna is evidently nervously impatient for the arrival of her husband. She had not much longer to wait; all at once the shouting outside begins, her face becomes radiant, and, wrapping herself in the magnificent rotonde of blue fox fur, she hurries to the platform, amid renewed hurrahs and clamorous cries of joy. Her eyes are eagerly fixed on the two red globes of the approaching engine—there is a shrill whistle, much puffing of steam and the train rolls slowly into the station. The Czarewitch, little guessing the surprise in store for him, descends, saluting as he passes the long file of soldiers drawn up on the platform. Suddenly he sees her; then all else is forgotten—the station, the soldiers, the crowd of people—and the wife is in her husband's arms, held in a long embrace. Then, like a roar of thunder, louder than the last, burst forth deafening shouts, mixing up with the National hymn.

Said Mr. Hallam, the historian, godfather of Hallam Tennyson, the Laureate's eldest son, on the occasion of the christening, "Why not give the child your own name, as well as mine? Why not call him Alfred Hallam Tennyson?" "For fear," said the deep-voiced bard—"for fear he should turn out a fool! Let his name be Hallam only!"

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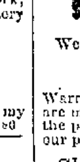

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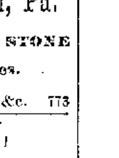

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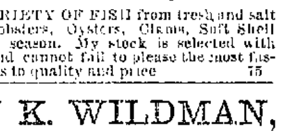

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Table-Linens, Towels, Napkins, Pillow and Sheeting Linens, Floor and Stair Linens, Cotton Sheetings and Shirtings, Flannels, Lace Curtains, Quilts, Piano and Table Covers, etc. As regards prices in this department, they are lower than for many years.
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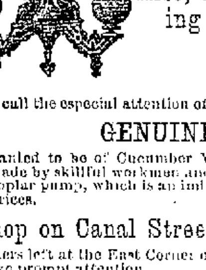

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